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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

The Standard.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Extracted from a Report made to the Legislature of New-York, 1811.

The very intelligent author of "Old Baily Experience," writing from a very extensive observation, thus speaks of the mode in which the interval is spent between the sentence and execution. In England the period is usually from five to seven days, except for murder, when it is within a less period.—Its extension with us to six weeks does not in the least affect the causes to which this result is attributable: "Bacon says, 'It is worthy of observing, that there is no passion of the mind of man so weak, but it mates and masters the fear of death; which therefore is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath many attendants about him that can win the combat of him.' The effect on the malefactor's mind, in consequence of all the attention with which he is surrounded, is that he thinks himself a much more important person than men so situated usually are, and he soon persuades himself that his case is one of general commiseration, and that all the gentlemen, notwithstanding their holding out no hopes to him, will yet interest themselves for him, and obtain a respite. This hope sets him to work to frame answers to all the interrogatories put to him, so as to hide his guilt, and make himself out a most ill-used man. The Reverend Ordinary, whose duty it is to press on him the immediate necessity of preparation, and to tell him that there is no hope for him but in speedily making his peace with God, is considered now his greatest enemy, and looked on as one who delights in furthering the death of his fellow creatures. Thus the valuable time of the malefactor is wholly wasted in encouraging vain hopes of pardon, in receiving visits, and in efforts to keep up a determined carriage to the last day; even on which he flatters himself that it may arrive, and therefore he must not confess. This is the state of mind of nine culprits out of ten, until the eve of the fatal morning, when fatigued, weak, and worn out with his efforts, the mind becomes suddenly depressed with disappointment, corresponding to the condition of the body; he then falls into a state of stupor and insensibility, from which it is almost a cruelty to attempt to rouse him: as it is too late now to make any beneficial religious impression on him. The next morning, when brought out of his cell to be pinioned, you behold a man already half dead,—his countenance has fallen, his eyes are fixed, his lips are deadly pale and quivering, whilst his whole aspect, in anticipation of the reality, gives you the personification of death's counterpart. . . . . Sometimes the affair takes quite another turn, and the malefactor is seized with a frenzy for death, as being the only road to happiness, when he will smile and talk as if he were the happiest man in existence. This effect is brought on by the operation of great excitement on weak minds, &c. . . . . The impressions on men, and their sensibilities, are infinitely diversified; some go through the ordeal of a change from life to death in a manner differing from both the former characters; men who appear insensible to, and know not fear, either as to pain of the body, or of that which terminates it—death:—men, like the assassin on the wheel, who said to his fellow sufferer when groaning with agony, 'Did you not know we were liable to one disorder more than to another?' In the condemned cells, and even on the platform at the Old Bailey, some very extraordinary instances of coolness and resolution are occasionally exhibited, which are but seldom made public; men who conduct themselves with indifference as to death being only reported to the world as hardened, ignorant and brutal wretches. This is policy; the public must not be taught that they can brave a violent and ignominious death. Ignorant indeed they may well be termed, as far as regards a true knowledge of God; but in other matters of information they are generally better informed than those who usually come under the awful sentence of death. Men who (in their own language) dare to think for themselves, and who, seeing death a 'necessary evil,' find nerve enough to look him steadily in the face. I have known some of them to carry their self-possession so far, as to turn round on those who offered them advice, catechizing and accusing their attendants of being much greater sinners before God than themselves, although not so in law.—One malefactor, whilst under exhortation, and in the act of being pinioned, said, 'Look to your own sins, gentlemen; you have all enough to answer for,' addressing himself to those around him; 'mine are not heavier than your own; and if they should be found so, neither of you will answer for them.' In this temper and feeling he cooly walked to the scaffold, and there suffered the last penalty of the law."

* * * * * *

With respect to the probable radical and healthy reality of those conversions which are made, as it were, under the gallows, Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield (who spent several years in Newgate for the offence of the abduction of a wealthy young heiress) remarks, that of the condemned criminals who have been aroused to a high state of religious fervor,—which is often such that they look forward to the day of their execution as "the happiest moment of their lives,"—most, in case of a reprieve or commutation, are to be heard within a week, "laughing and railing at all religion."....."In about one case out of four," he continues, "no religious impression is produced; but the prisoner goes through all the ceremonies of his situation with an air of indifference, being occupied to the very last moment with the hope of a reprieve. In the fourth case, not only do the teachers fail in their endeavors to produce a religious feeling; but those very exertions have an effect directly opposite to the one intended, causing the prisoner to rail, and I may say to rave, against religion, in terms of ridicule, scorn and violent hatred. I should but shock the feelings of many, and without any countervailing advantage, by repeating the language, or particularly describing the conduct, of those prisoners who take offence at the anxiety of the chaplain and others to imbue them with religious sentiments. But I may add that on almost every execution day, on which several are hanged, the chaplain is subjected to the most outrageous insults from one or more of the doomed men. He will readily confirm this statement. And it may be further proper to say, for the information of religious persons amongst those who make our laws, that every year, several of their fellow-creatures are cut off in the front of Newgate, in the very act of scoffing at God and Christ, and the Holy Sacrament"—(which is usually administered by the ordinary, immediately before the execution, to those of the criminals who wish to receive it.)

Upon this point the committee will not dwell further—having surely said enough to attract to it the anxious reflections of all right-thinking and right-feeling minds. They will only add a single remark—namely, as to the injurious influence on the cause of religion, which cannot fail to be exerted by the practice under consideration. Inconsistent as it seems with a genuine and real belief (in any proper sense of the word) in all that we profess to receive from the Christian revelation, respecting an eternal and fearful responsibility for the crimes of the present existence, one such spectacle, as that of a whole community uniting to send to that last dread account the soul of the criminal who, if unfit to live, must be far more unfit to die, must suffice, with thousands of young or undecided minds, to outweigh all the appeals and arguments which should thunder from a thousand pulpits. How can they be expected to believe in the sincerity of the professed theories of those who at the same instant themselves nullify them all by so positive a practical contradiction? If it were indeed believed, in genuine and solemn reality—(such is the natural process of reflection in the youthful mind)—that this poor trembling wretch, or this reckless or insensible villain, is in truth about to be hurried by their hands to the fearfully imminent danger of such a judgment and such an eternity—and that his fate there depends, as we pretend, on the moral spiritual condition in which he passes from the present into that awful unknown future world, that "as the tree falleth so it must lie,'—*would* the act be thus sanctioned by society?—*could* it be suffered, by men with human hands and hearts, to be carried into effect? It is in vain that we erect temples and fanes, so long as by their side we continue to plant scaffolds.

On this point the Count de Sellon, a distinguished citizen of Geneva, recently deceased, in an essay on this subject, has well observed: "To sacrifice a man in honor of an abstract principle of safety, is like following the example of the Indians in offering human sacrifices to their gods. The legality of the scaffold cannot repose on the right which society has to defend itself, but on the right it pretends to have of punishing. All is destroyed by the scaffold; there is nothing but a brutalizing profanation of our nature in the blow of the axe, which takes away that remorse that endows the past with pain, and the future with virtue. There is *a kind of atheism* in the stroke which takes from man the responsibility of his destiny, and sends him to the grave in the midst of his crimes. Thus the sanction of the guillotine, which men would have pass for that of justice, destroys all others. It destroys our dignity, brings contempt on our nature, and overthrows the sublime plan of Providence in this world, and its consummation in another."

A very different lesson of the spirit of Christianity was taught by St. Augustine,—one of the early fathers of the church, who himself owed his regeneration to the gospel,—who relates, in his epistles, that when bishop of Hippona, he prayed, *in the name of that gospel*, for the lives of murderers who had assassinated a priest of his diocese; alleging, in his letter to the Roman proconsul, that it was better to make them work, and to leave them time for repentance, than to put them to death;—a very different lesson, too, by the solemn words of Ezekiel, which Mr. Livingston suggested should be inscribed over the gate of every penitentiary: "As I LIVE, saith the LORD GOD, I have no pleasure in the DEATH of a sinner, but rather that he should TURN FROM HIS WICKEDNESS AND LIVE."

From the Colored American.

NEW-YORK STATE CONVENTION OF COLORED CITIZENS.

At the New-York State Convention of Colored Citizens, held in Troy, August 25th, 26th, and 27th, 1841, the following address was prepared and adopted:

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.

FELLOW CITIZENS—Deeply sensible of the dignified and responsible position which you occupy, as the source of all political power in the greatest State of the American Union, we would respectfully but earnestly solicit your attention to a subject which greatly concerns our common weal. Great, as unquestionably is our Empire State, it is evident that her hitherto rapid improvement, her present preeminence and her future welfare, are all dependent on the energy, the intelligence and the patriotism of the people—the whole people.

True, New-York has not been wanting in Clintons, Jays, Fultons and Livingstons, and other bright stars in every department of human greatness—but these eminent men might have fretted away their lofty abilities, and "died without a sign," had they not fallen upon the congenial and fostering soil of a people of whose genius they respectively became the impersonation.

It is not only true that to whatever of greatness our State may have claim, she is intirely indebted to her people; but it is also true, that, considered in relation to their common welfare and common rights, nothing can affect a part of the people which does not equally affect the whole people. If crime, great or small, be perpetrated, the whole people being injured, the forms, as well as the practice of our laws, seek out the offender, and inflict condign punishment upon him in the name and in behalf of the whole people. If an injury be suffered by any one of the people, the cause of that *one* is taken up, and redress is afforded by the *whole* people, who are injured through that one, and who maintain the administration of justice in each and every case. And if laws be passed, whether affecting the whole, or a small portion, or even one of the people, these laws are alike passed in the name and with the consent of the people.

The people of our State, then, are a whole, made up of individuals, whose relations to each other and to the whole people are indestructibly equal. And herein lies the very essence of the republican form of government; that it is impossible to separate an individual from the mass, and inflict on him personal wrong or degradation for no fault on his part, without virtually and in fact destroying the peculiar nature of this form of government: for that moment such wrong or degradation is done, the government is changed from a republic into an oligarchy, or tyranny of many masters. And furthermore, any circumstance, whether a law of the land, or a local abuse, or time-honored grievance, which affects disastrously the rights of any, however small a portion, of the people, is of necessity a grievance and an evil to the whole people: since the prosperity of the whole is made up of the sums of individual welfare, and whatever injures the welfare of an individual must detract from the prosperity of the whole.

If you combine equals with unequals, the whole must be unequal; if you combine affranchised with disfranchised, free with slave labor, the result must be disastrous to the whole community. Yet such is the present condition of the state of New-York.

This being true, how enormously extensive must be the evil, in what light soever we may view it, which is the result of that arrangement in the State Constitution, by which 50,000 of her citizens are bereft of all political power? How great a loss is not this to the State? Here is not an unit, but a *fiftieth part* of the entire body politic, consuming, in their due proportion, the products of the State—dependent, in the same proportion, upon the resources of the State—the subjects of legislation, equally in that proportion, with the other 49-50ths of the people—looking up also to the State as their guardian, and throwing themselves equally upon her laws and her magistracy for protection and defence. The State, in her legislation and arrangements for her own prosperity, and the benefit of her whole people, makes these arrangements proportionably for this portion as for the rest of her people, because they constitute a part of the whole. And yet they are not able to render back their due proportion, because crippled in their energies by that arrangement which deprives them of that right, the possession and free use of which is the living principle, the main-spring of a government. The State, by this policy, inflicts a wound upon herself, and detracts from her real strength; because government is a system having its foundation in the real strength and powers of the whole people; and any arrangement, therefore, in the policy of the State, which paralyzes the energies of any portion of the people, breaks in upon the general order, and sends, in so far, confusion and disorder into the whole system.

This arrangement of our State Constitution is a blow directly crushing the native energies of him whom it directly affects; the full development of all of whose powers is essential for his healthy existence, whether we regard him in his intellectual, moral or physical being. It is as true in the two former, as in the latter, that if "one member suffers, the whole suffer with it;" and it is true also, that if he suffers as a moral being, he suffers, in consequence, in his intellectual and physical being. In which light soever, then, you may view it, whether by any law of the land, local abuse, or the common consent of the people, man is crippled in any of the powers of his being, he is crippled in his whole being; and himself, and all dependent upon him, and all the relations he sustains, whether to social or to public life, to his family or the body politic, suffers in due proportion.

May we not, then, in behalf of that class among us who feel the evil inflicted upon them, and who labor under all the consequent disadvantages, address you upon this long-continued grievance, to them more than to all others? Nay, more, ought we not to do so? And will *you* not, where rests the power to create, renew or change any arrangement in the Constitution and the laws, listen to us, if for no other reasons, for the multiplied energies which it will call forth in the service of the State? And while so much of real power is lost to the State, and which ought to be regarded as a misfortune, a great calamity is inflicted upon the disfranchised themselves.—And what deepens the misfortune which the State has inflicted upon herself, and converts it into an enormity, is these 50,000 people are disfranchised for the commission of no crime.

For what crime can be alleged against the colored population of this State, unless it be criminal in them to love the soil which gave them birth.

The annals of crime in our State do show that, in proportion to their number, they commit a greater number of smaller offences than the whites.* Granted. But why is this? Inquire of the Constitution of the State, and it will appear that this population are degraded from the rank of citizenship; and it is the very nature of republicanism to prove, that if you degrade a man from the rank of citizenship for no fault of his, you force him upon the road to crime and delinquency. Else, what would be the value of citizenship of republicanism? It is an absurdity in terms to say that you can degrade a man without a manifestation of the same on his part. If, then, the colored population be chargable with a disproportionate number of small offences, let the charge be laid to the right source—the defect in the Constitution of the State; and if that be the source of the evil, in the name of the peace, prosperity, and the fair fame of our republic, let the source be removed, that the evil may perish.

But, fellow citizens, a question of this kind may occur to you—that, although the State may suffer harm from the disfranchisement of her colored population, would it not be a greater evil to make them equal with the whites; and would it not degrade the latter to associate with the former?

This is a fair statement of a popular objection, and we will meet it in candor and sincerity.

We answer the objection by saying, that men may be *politically* equal, and yet remain socially distinct: this grand problem it has been the glory of American institutions to demonstrate. The Jews, for example, down-trodden in every European nation, in our State enjoy *political* equality, and yet maintain their separate social identity. And the same is true of the Society of Friends. But there is a living and complete confutation of this objection in the State of Massachusetts, which, rather than tax colored men without granting them votes, so long ago as 1792 enfranchised her colored population; and no one can point to that State as *peculiar* for confounding what our objectors term social distinctions.

Another objection may occur to you. You may say that if the elective franchise be granted to the colored polulation, they may, "en masse," join one of the parties which politically divide the State, and thus fatally prejudice the interests of the others.

Such an occurence, we solemnly assure you, fellow citizens, in the nature of things, can never happen: for, from an extensive knowledge of them, we can assert, that they are divided in their views with respect to the politics of our country, the same as other classes of the community; and are now found connected with the different parties which divide the State; and under any circumstances, we have reason to believe that they would still be found mingling with the different parties, as now found. But we are not appealing to parties in this matter; it is no party measure. Ours is a most just cause, a righteous claim—to consider which, belongs to no party, but the *whole* people.

Another objection may possibly be urged, namely: that the colored population are too ignorant and degraded, rightly to exercise the precious boon of the elective franchise. Freemen of New-York, can you patiently listen to this wily, threadbare argument? Unfit to vote? Is there any thing in our institutions which has a greater power to unfit men to vote, than there is in the tyrannical despotisms of Europe? Have the colored population who have lived under the glorious institutions of the State of New-York had less opportunity rightly to appreciate the value, and exercise the privilege of voting, than the ten thousand per annum who swarm our genial shores, from the besotted and deadening sway of European kings? What a compliment to the monarchical form of government.

But we are able to appeal to facts which entirely overthrow this objection. During 49 years, the colored population of Massachusetts have voted on an equality with the whites; and we triumphantly appeal to the long list of able men selected by the people of the Bay State, to show that the equal privilege of voting, as manifested in the choice of her electors, shows them all to be men of sound judgment in selecting public servants; and corruption at the polls is an offence never yet alleged against the colored voters of the Bay State.

Another fact we boldly assert: that in proportion to their number, the colored population of the State of New-York are not more ignorant of reading and writing than their fairer fellow citizens. And further: in the city of New-York, whilst the colored population is to the white as 1 to 18 and a fraction, there is 1 colored to 17 white children attending public schools; in other words, there are upwards of five per cent, more of colored than of white children enjoying the benefits of education afforded by the State fund.† We ask you, then, fellow citizens, if people who are thus careful to educate their children, manifest a want of intelligence which should exclude them from the polls?

Finally, it may occur to you, that as the colored population are allowed to vote on possessing a freehold of $250, and are freed from personal tax, that they should be satisfied—because they are represented when taxed. But are they not taxed for their *tea*, clothing, and household utensils, imported from abroad? And if they hold $249 worth of real estate, are they not taxed for *that*, without representation? But you may say, the colored people are exempt from fire and military duty, and therefore they should not be permitted to vote. If the colored population had asked and persisted in maintaining an exemption from these duties, then this might be an argument; but as they have never asked such exemption, but on the contrary, have ever been found in the fore front of the battle in defence of their natal soil, it is beneath the dignity of the people of this State to prevent men from performing duties which they have executed, and would gladly execute, and make that prevention on the part of the people a reason why the said persons should be denied a precious, unbought, priceless right, the right to vote.

Fellow citizens, in conclusion, we beg that you will earnestly ponder this matter, in its simple relation to the welfare and prosperity of our commonwealth. It is your duty to do whatever you can to advance the republic, to fire her energies, exalt her children, and place them on an equality with the inhabitants of the first republic in the Union, in the world. Fellow citizens! we beseech you to do right in this matter, for righteousness exalteth a nation.

* It must be borne in mind, that the police officers arrest colored persons for the slightest faults, and often for no fault at all; because they have not the fear of colored men's votes. The writer of this saw, in December, 1840, eighty colored persons, chiefly women, arrested in one police office, 100 West Broadway, New-York city. All the whites present, with the exception of the proprietor, who demanded to be arrested, were let go scot free. The annals of the Court of Sessions show, that 8 white to 1 colored person, forfeit their recognizances; these facts, being taken into account, would greatly alter the annals of crime.

† See 36th Annual Report of the Public School Society of the City of New-York.

Reported for the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

First Annual Convention of the American Reform Board of Disfranchised Commissioners.

[HELD IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.]

This society of reformers was organized about a year ago, by a Reformed Convention of Colored People of the United States, at New Haven, Ct.—The name designates the condition of its members, as disfranchised Americans, commissioned by a convention for united action in the work of reform.

The second article of the Constitution says:—"The object of this Society is to promote intelligence, that its members and others may know our true condition; to vindicate equal human rights; to take special cognizance of the oppressive legal or illegal customs, under which we groan; to unite and energize in securing our IMMEDIATE relief and enfranchisement."

The Convention assembled at the Wesleyan Methodist Episcopal Zion's Church, New-York, on the 8th of September. It held four sessions. The President, S. R. Alexander, of Boston, being absent, Samuel Hardenburg, of New-York, was appointed President *pro tem.*; and Wm. C. Nell, of Boston, Secretary.

Forty-one stated and honorary members were enrolled from various parts of the country.

The Business Committee was composed of the following persons:

David Ruggles, New-York; John Brown, White Plains; T. L. Jennings, New-York; Wm. C. Nell, Boston; P. Loveridge, New-York.

The following resolutions were reported by the Business Committee, and severally adopted by the Convention, after remarks from the members:

Resolved, That the principles and measures of the American Reform Board of Disfranchised Commissioners commend themselves to the confidence and support of every man, who knows that his destiny is identified with that of the perishing slave of the South.

Resolved, That this meeting recommend those of our disfranchised brethren, who feel that their destiny is the destiny of the bleeding slave, to organize auxiliary associations, in every place where three persons can be found to approve of our principles and measures.

Resolved, That we are encouraged in our work of reform, by the light of truth, and the redeeming principles taught by the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to whom we look, under God, for encouragement and support.

Resolved, That, as the pursuit of happiness consists in the business means of living, every friend of our despised and disfranchised fellow-countrymen, is called upon to practise just principles, and encourage our capable mechanics and youth in their trades and professions, by opening to them their workshops and other avenues of profitable employment.

Resolved, That the Colonization scheme should ever be regarded, by us in America, as the anaconda is by men and women in Africa.

Resolved, That the Maryland State Clerical Colonization Convention, held in June last, to adopt coercive measures against their disfranchised brethren, whom they hate to see, while they profess to love God, whom they have not seen, prove their infidelity;—therefore we brand them as infidels before the people.

Resolved, That, as the power of the press is indispensable, under God, to the success of every great work of reform, we recommend to the consideration and patronage of the friends of reform, "The Mirror of Liberty," "The Journal of Education, and Weekly Messenger," and the Philadelphia "Desmothean Shield." They should be sustained, as long as they are independent and free.

The following was offered by Mr. P. Loveridge, advocated by the mover, T. L. Jennings, and S. Hardenburg, and adopted:

Resolved, That the gratitude of our people in the State of New-York, is due to the members of the Legislature for the passage of a law securing the right of a trial by jury, to all colored persons claimed as fugitive slaves.

The passage of the above resolution was opposed by David Ruggles, on the ground that the law disgraces the statute book, inasmuch as it acknowledges the right of man to hold property in man; and subjects colored persons to the odium and expense of law-suits to obtain the same rights, that are regarded sacred in white persons.

The following resolution was offered and supported by Wm. C. Nell, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we believe knowledge to be the foundation of a people's prosperity, and that through its influence, great benefit has been conferred upon mankind. We do therefore recommend our clergymen, and others, to urge its importance upon our proscribed and disfranchised fellow-men, and recommend the formation of societies, for mental improvement, and direct means for their elevation.

It was voted that the sum of one hundred dollars be raised to defray the current expenses of this association.

Officers were chosen for the ensuing year, and the Convention adjourned. S.

New-York, Sept. 10th, 1841.

ELIZUR WRIGHT vs. THOMAS EARLE.

On the first of September, an article on the political action of abolitionists, appeared in the Pennsylvania Freeman. In the absence of the editor, it was written by Thomas Earle, of Philadelphia; the man whose clear, comprehensive, and very able reply to Richard M. Johnson, we published some weeks ago.

Elizur Wright was, probably, ignorant of this fact, when he penned the following contemptuous remarks; for Mr. Earle was for some time candidate for the Vice Presidency of the United States, nominated by the "Liberty Party," as the third party abolitionists are called; and surely Mr. Wright would not have helped to sustain him in that position before the American people, if he had *then* supposed him to be a man of such small and fractional ideas.

The following is the sneering paragraph, copied from the Free American:

FRACTIONAL ABOLITIONISTS.

There are some men who never get hold of a large idea. They take a *part* of it, and put it in the same category with their little ideas. They are men of *many* ideas, but their ideas are all small and disconnected. They attach equal importance to a mountain and a horse-block. When they become abolitionists they seem to see and lay hold of a minute portion of the subject. They are what we call *fractional abolitionists*. They have certainly other ideas besides abolition, so that they cannot be accused of being men of *one idea*. They have *many* ideas, and *parts* of some large ones. It is difficult to make such men see that the abolition question furnishes ground enough for a successful abolition party. They cannot conceive of a party without a whole and perfect creed of items, thus—"We believe in equal liberty, item in internal improvements, item in protective tariff, item in a national bank, item in the distribution of the public lands,——item in laws for the preservation of codfish." The person who edits the Pennsylvania Freeman, in the absence of the permanent editor, seems to be an abolitionist of this sort. He is out against the Liberty Party, in an article from which we quote the following:

Here follows the article from the Pennsylvania Freeman, which elicited the above observations:

Our present number contains an article from the New-York Anti-Slavery Standard, in reference to a third political party, by David Lee Child, which is deserving of the particular consideration of our readers.

In relation to the same subject, we will make a few observations, which are to be taken only as the opinions of the writer of this article, given in the absence of the editor.

There are so few men who will be governed by considerations of benevolence alone, that it is impossible to establish a party, and conduct it to a successful issue, with the mere object of relieving a distant people from oppression, whether inflicted by ourselves or others, and without any information as to the policy which that party will pursue in questions more particularly affecting the general interests of the voters themselves.

Hence a party which sets out with professions of entire neutrality, in relation to all questions but one, or in relation to the questions that usually divide mankind into two parties, will find it impossible to adhere to such professions. Almost every individual who professes this neutrality, will deceive either himself, or others. The propensity to bring in other questions is such, that we see already that the third party, having abandoned the distinct ground which it took last year, must assume some other, or be distracted with contradictory local enlistments. At some places the members of this party have wandered across the ocean to engage in a crusade for the repeal of the corn laws; in Indiana, the same party have resolved to support a protective tariff, and in Oneida county, New-York, it has made a union of the temperance question with abolition.

These varying courses must be abandoned, and some general and uniform principles adopted, before the party can enjoy the slightest prospect of success. When it does adopt its principles, discontent will inevitably arise, and secessions will take place of those who are of different principles from those which shall be ultimately settled upon.

After the party is thus purged of its incongruous materials, it will be just where it might have been at its first formation, with one very important exception, viz: that it might originally have selected those principles, to incorporate with abolition, which had the approbation of the majority of the nation, but instead of that, it will probably have become identified, in political principle, with the weaker party; it will finally form a junction with that party, and even then its failure as a party will be more probable than its success; and if abolition succeeds at all, it will be in consequence of its being taken up by the party opposed to the professed abolition party.

If a permanent party is to be formed at all, to support abolition, then, in order to succeed, it should adopt, in the most unequivocal manner, such principles, in relation to other questions, as will meet the approbation of the majority of the people. Of course, such a party could not embrace all abolitionists, but only those who should hold to the principles so adopted. Others might vote the ticket, in the absence of any other ticket opposed to slavery; but whenever a ticket should be presented, by either of the existing parties, favorable to their political views *as well as to abolition*, it would be unreasonable to ask them to withhold their votes from it, for the sake of giving them to an abolition ticket, so called, which would not correctly represent their other political principles.

The effect of the formation of such a party as we have mentioned,—that is, not an abolition party, technically, but a popular party, sustaining abolition as one only of its measures,—would, we doubt not, be to force or persuade the strongest party of the nation into the support of abolition, and thus ensure its success. There is, however, little probability of the efficient organization of such a party.

Then, how can abolitionists act most efficiently, so far as regards voting, without forming a distinct party? It is, in our opinion, by questioning candidates, and when they fail to give favorable answers, then to put up candidates with the distinct avowal that the measure is temporary, and unconnected with any design to form a distinct party. And in order to secure the greatest possible support, the candidates, or a majority of them, should always, if possible, be selected from the party which is the strongest in the country, State, or Union, as the case may be, where the ticket is to run.

Still, the political prejudices of men are so strong, and the fear of offending neighbors and political friends so great, that any nomination, such as for President, Governor, or Congress, of a single individual, although avowed to be merely by way of protest against the course of the ruling parties, would never obtain the votes of all abolitionists. Hence, a more effective protest would be made, and a more powerful influence created, and a more conclusive evidence of the absence of all political or party design, except the abolition of slavery, be afforded, by nominating two persons, one of each party. The influence on the public mind of two thousand votes given to two candidates, of opposite political views, would, we think, be even greater than that of the same number given for one candidate: and the added advantage of getting a greater number of votes for the two than the one, would increase the incentives to that course. It would produce a wholesome emulation among abolitionists, inducing them to exert themselves in order to show the anti-slavery strength in their respective political parties.

The last mode of action to be considered, is, for voting abolitionists merely to abstain from voting for any but the supporters of anti-slavery principles, without the formation of any tickets whatever, other than such as may contain the names of so many of the candidates of the respective political parties as may have returned favorable answers to questions put to them in respect to anti-slavery measures.

Although this last policy would, in our opinion, be less efficient than that next before suggested, yet we strongly incline to the belief that it would result decidedly better than a vain attempt to form a permanent party, with no other political doctrine than that of the extinction of slavery.

SLAVERY THE WORST FORM OF STEALING.

I send to the Standard the following extracts from "Notes on Exodus," by GEORGE BUSH, Professor of Oriental Literature in the University of New-York; a work in high repute among Presbyterians and Congregationalists. I am glad to see the great doctrine, for which abolitionists have so long contended, against the current theology of the day, openly and unequivocally proclaimed from such a quarter. X.

THOU SHALL NOT STEAL.

The original (ganab) is the usual word for *steal*, and has nothing peculiar in its import to require a special investigation. The scope of the commandment is to secure the *right of property*. It prescribes the mode in which love to our neighbors is to operate in this respect. The subject of property is one of great extent, and by its various relations entering largely into the elements of human happiness. While God is himself the great proprietor of all things, he has established a constitution of things, by virtue of which every man is not only entitled himself to the products of his own labor, but authorized also to make it over, or bequeath it, to his posterity or heirs. It is the wrongful abstraction, or invasion, of this *property*, which the eighth commandment is designed to prohibit; and of all the forms of violation of this precept, none is more palpable, more gross, or more highly provoking to God, than that of *depriving a man of the products of his labors, by depriving him of himself*. This is the most aggravated form of *stealing*, of which it is possible to be guilty, or even to conceive. Whatever may be said of other possessions, a man's person is his own; his life is his own; his liberty is his own. He who takes them away without his consent, and without any crime on his part, *steals* them. And surely stealing men is a much greater crime than stealing money, as a human being holds a higher rank in the scale of existence than inert and senseless matter. The eighth commandment, then, forbids, distinctly and peremptorily, all the despotic *enslaving* of our fellow men, of whatever condition or color, or of exercising absolute lordship over them; because those acts virtually deprive human beings of that property in themselves with which the Creator endowed them. This is a usurpation of the rights of man which no usage, law or custom, can legalize in the sight of heaven. No title can make good my claim to another's person; no deed of inheritance or conveyance transmute it to a third party. There is but one being competent to make the conveyance, and He has never done it. Every man, under God, *owns himself*; he has a *right* to himself, which no other man can challenge. I may be lawfully restrained, punished, and even executed by just laws; but, I can never be *owned*; I can never be, in the sight of God, either serf or slave; I cannot sell myself; no other can sell me. Though I may, for a consideration, make over to another my right to my *services*, yet the right to *myself* is no more alienable by myself than by another. God gave me myself to keep, and his ownership alone in me am I bound to recognize.

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"*He that Stealeth a man*," &c.—For this crime the punishment of death was expressly denounced; and *that* with the utmost degree of rigor. The alienations which operated in the case of other thefts, were precluded here. In other cases, if the article stolen had not been alienated, or if there was reason to look for repentance and restitution, some mitigation of the punishment ensued. But the man-stealer was absolutely doomed to die, whether he had already sold the person stolen, or whether he still had him in his own hands, neither alienated nor used for service. (Comp. Deut. xxiv. 7.) But the spirit of the interdict undoubtedly applies to all cases of man-stealing or kidnapping. In the sight of Heaven, it is a crime charged with the blackest guilt. This is clear from the penalty annexed to it; especially as contrasted with the penalty for stealing property, Exod. xxii. 14. If a man had stolen an *ox*, and killed or sold it, he was to restore five oxen; if he had neither sold nor killed it, two oxen. But in the case of stealing a man, the first act drew down the utmost power of punishment; however, often repeated or aggravated the crime, human penalty could do no more. The fact that the penalty for man-stealing, was death, and the penalty of *property*-stealing the mere restoration of double, shows that the two cases were judged on totally different principles. This will appear still more evident from the remarks on this passage by Mr. Weld, in his tract entitled, 'The Bible against Slavery.'"

[Professor Bush then quotes largely from Mr. Weld's pamphlet, in support of his position.]

JAUNT TO THE MOUNTAINS.

BY GARRISON AND ROGERS.

We extract the following from that spirited little banner, The Herald of Freedom. The reader need not be informed that it is from the eloquent pen of N. P. Rogers.

"The morning was clear and pleasant, after the rains of Saturday night and Sunday. The air was purified and refreshed from the parching drought, and the earth joyous as the 'shining morning face' of a new washed school boy. The dust was laid and travelling beautiful. We crossed the Merrimack, hailing it as native stream,—brother G. at its mouth, and we up its coldest tributary,—and rode over Canterbury high hills with that lightness of heart and freedom of spirit, which God vouchsafes, in our land and day, only to the faithful abolitionists. Others may 'labor' 'and seek rest' as they may:—They don't find it. Kearsarge mountains, looming in the western distance, at solemn height, gave us promise of the mightier peaks in the great chain to which we were journeying—standing alone, in advance of its high peers, like an advance guard, encouraging us by its great, but subordinate elevation, to expect *altitudes* equal to our *loftiest* wishes.—Speeding on by many a bold home on the hills, and many a valley whose retired beauty recalled to delighted recollection the vales of Scotland, we approached the tributary stream paid to the Merrimack, from out New Hampshire's chiefest lake—and which bears its name—the *Winnipisockee*.—This, with our own little native river, the cold and swift Pemigewasset, from the Franconia Notch, *conspiring* a short distance to the left of our way, in the formation of the Merrimack. Just before crossing Winnipissocke river, we passed the brick 'steeple house,' where the honorable Samuel Tilton, at the instigation of the honorable Daniel Atkinson, and supported by an honorable mob—'all honorable men'—arrested George Storrs for the *felony* of an anti-slavery prayer. What a sign that event of republican and Christian times! And they tried him, for his *anticipated* anti-slavery lecture, before a New Hampshire justice of the peace! a fact that will be picked up by the future Belknap for our history, and which will afford a sort of immortality to some on the banks of the Winnipissockee, who otherwise might have enjoyed a comfortable oblivion. We found friend Asa Bean at the tavern stable at Sandbornton Bridge—a humble mechanic and faithful abolitionist, who kindly urged us to his house, where we were most pleasantly entertained by his friendly and free-hearted wife.

On the high lands of Sandbornton (taking the old road for prospect) the glorious mountains of the North showed us their blue outline—the broad, whale-like back of Moosehillock, and the pyramid-looking Haystacks, blending with the sky, and bedimmed with vapor and cloud. They called to mind the first *discovered* land, last summer, on our voyage to England—the dim Irish shores, and the misty mountains of Wales. Towards sunset our own home hills greeted our sight, and the *once* loved spires of the village where we were born, their clean white showing picturesquely among the green of the woods beyond them. Old North Hill, with its bare forehead and commanding peak, which in Scotland would have been crowned with immortality in a hundred songs—standing there unhonored and unsung—a bleak hill-top, climbed now and then for prospect—but chiefly for the blue-berries that grow upon its brow, or the sheep and young cattle, and wild colts that pasture up its sides. Few places of so little note strike the eye of the traveller so pleasantly as the town of Plymouth, in Grafton county. A beautiful expanse of interval opens on the eye like a lake among the hills and woods, and the pretty river Pemigewasset, refreshed with its recent tributary, Baker's river, from the foot of Moosehillock, and bordered along its crooked sides with rows of maple, meanders widely from upland to upland, through the meadows, and realizes to the mind some of the sequestered spots in the valleys of the Swiss cantons. It was with no small interest that we introduced the editor of the Liberator to the scene of our birth and boyhood. It was the birth place of New Hampshire anti-slavery, too.—We are sad to say it is not now anti-slavery's dwelling place. The spirit that once animated it, has faded under the influence of the pro-slavery pulpit.—It is kept from utter abandonment by Ezekiel Rogers, the anti-slavery shoemaker. He sits there with his head covered, a Mordecai in sight of the village Haman.

We had been led to expect somewhat that the Congregational meeting-house, a very tasty synagogue, which we helped largely to erect a few years before our removal from the village, would be opened to brother Garrison for a lecture. We did not expect it from the character of its pulpit—but from the majority of the committee in charge of it—professed abolitionists, as well as from the prudence of the minority, though not interested in the anti-slavery cause. We supposed all had the necessary curiosity, if not the good taste, to want to hear the man of whom so many bugbear stories had been told in the village, and whose name had, they knew, become renowned on both sides of the Atlantic. But a petty bigotry and priest-ridden prejudice prevailed. Perhaps the church malignity towards his fellow-traveller moved them to shut the meeting-house.—No matter for the reason. They refused the house unless upon a condition which abolitionists could not accept, and which honorable men would never have offered.

The Methodist meeting house was also refused—but more honestly than the other, with a broad, ill-mannered No, from the temporary divine who *tends* it. Let them be forever shut against the cause of BLEEDING HUMANITY. They are *abandoned to their uses*. As is ever the case, in the overruling of Providence, the paltry refusal of the meeting houses served greatly to advance our cause and magnify the

occasion. Driven from the Synagogues, the abolitionists applied for a grove across the river, on the land of Mr. Joy, of Holderness. He readily allowed them the use of it—one spot was found in the neighborhood of Plymouth steeples, not dedicated and given over to slavery, and to soulless, heartless, ungodly sect. One temple there was, not made with hands—of God's own building—roofed with the blue sky, and pillared about with the trees of the wood, and floored and carpeted with the glorious, green earth, dedicated not to imitations of Jewish ceremonials, or the rites of heathenism—but to that worship of the Father, which He requireth of them, who worship Him in spirit and in truth.—Thither anti-slavery repaired to hold her assembly and hear the advocate of the Savior's poor. Semi-circular seats, backed against a line of magnificent trees, to accommodate, we should judge, from two to three hundred—though we did not think about numbers—were filled principally with women; and the men who could not find seats, stood on the green sward on either hand, and at length, when wearied with standing, seated themselves on the ground.—Garrison mounted on a rude platform in front, lifted up his voice and spoke to them in prophet tones and surpassing eloquence, from half past 3 till I saw the rays of the setting sun playing through the trees on his head. It was at his back, but the auditory could see it, if they had felt at leisure to notice the decline of the sun, or the lapse of time.—They heeded it not—any more than he; but remained till he ended, apparently undisposed to move, though some came from six, eight, and even twelve miles distance. A vastly better impression was made than would have been, had poor, pitiful sect opened its portals. More attended. It was a different and a far better auditory than would have been gathered in the meeting-house, especially if the pastors had countenanced the meeting, and led in their implicit flocks. The auditory was not the village aristocracy from under the eaves of Bank, Court House, *Seminary*, or the Steeple House, as George Fox used to call it. Such would have had as little heart to hear or to act, as any of their corporations which admittedly 'have no soul.' Pearls cast before them would have been cast contrary to the scripture injunction. They could not have listened with hearing ears or understanding hearts.—Their ears and hearts are kept by their pastors.—Driven from the *sanctuaries*, we had another and freer auditory. They were politicians, to be sure, many of them; but a politician has more of a heart left in him than a sectarian. Politics is not such a soul-canker as sect. Sect eats the heart all up. It leaves nothing in a man. He can't say his soul is his own—or that he has one, belonging to any body. He is a poor, creeping, formal idolater, bowing down to an image he has helped to set up, and to the wooden perch on which he mounts his idol for exhibition and worship. No: the politicians have their humanity left—at least a portion of it. And if it appeals to them, they are not afraid to hear it. It is not *irreligious* in their estimation, to have 'flesh in their hearts,' and pity for bleeding humanity.—The meeting in the grove called out many of them who would not have entered the house; and we confess they have reason to suspect the motives of even an anti-slavery lecturer, who is admitted by the pastor into a pulpit. We don't blame them for their jealousy of *meeting-house* lecturers. It is a sign, *if they are let into pulpits, that they have not at heart the interests of humanity.* The rejection from the house gave Garrison many auditors of this kind. And though he told them the stern truth about their politics, they knew it was told in honesty. They knew there was no speculation or hypocrisy or party in it. They felt it was true, or at least honest. They understood it, and can repeat it. And they are the men to spread it among the people, at least some of them. Now let the little papacy of Plymouth village prate of Garrison's infidelity. They people have seen him, and heard him, infidelity and all. And they heard more of Christian truth and gospel preaching, in that one, river-bank discourse, than those yoked and fettered meeting-houses can ever afford, from the day of their dedication to the time when not one stone of them shall be left upon another.

Garrison spoke the better for being driven to the open air. The injustice and meanness of it aroused his spirit, and the beauty of the scene animated his eloquence. We never heard him speak so powerfully; and as he spoke the more earnestly, the people, from like cause, heard with deeper interest.—He scarcely alluded to the miserable Jesuitry that excluded us from the synagogue. We are thankful it all happened so. To God be the praise.

We must go to the Dover Convention, where we expect again to meet our great-hearted brother, and where we could almost wish a like treatment from pro-slavery, bigotry and cowardice, to incite to life our anti-slavery apathy and dullness. But John Parkman is minister there, and not our poor brother Punchard; and we shall meet in a house and not out of doors."

EVERETT'S ABOLITION.

Mr. Everett is ambassador to England; and all things considered, is probably far less objectionable than any other man, whom the present administration would be likely to appoint. How his confirmation was obtained we know not.

The northern press kept up din enough to frighten the South; the United States Gazette assured them he was "entrapped" into writing his answer to the abolitionists; the National Intelligencer repeated his famous pro-slavery speech, which its author has doubtless a thousand times wished was buried in the depths of the sea—and moreover raked up sundry old Reviews in the North American, in which Mr. Everett castigated British travellers for their rude remarks on our patriarchial institutions, and last, not least, Mr. Webster, his powerful friend, has got the blind side of the South by a prostration as low as that of a slave to the footstool of an Eastern despot. In view of all these remonstances, the South graciously consents to withdraw her opposition.

For ourselves, we think it not improbable that Mr. Everett's views of slavery have really changed much for the better, since that foolish and wicked speech in the young days of his statesmanship. The healthy moral atmosphere of England will, we trust, strengthen him still further.

The following letter indicates his state of mind three years ago. It appeared in the Boston Daily Advertiser, "By His Excellency's permission," soon after its date.

BOSTON, 26th April, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—I have your favor of the 21st, accompanied with the volume containing the account of the tour of Messrs. Thome and Kimball in the West Indies, for which you will be pleased to accept my thanks. I have perused this highly interesting narrative with the greatest satisfaction. From the moment of the passage of the law making provision for the immediate or prospective abolition of slavery in the British colonial possessions, I have looked with the deepest solicitude for tidings of its operation.—The success of the measure, as it seemed to me, would afford a better hope than had before existed, that a like blessing might be enjoyed by the portions of the United States, where slavery prevails. The only ground on which I had been accustomed to hear the continuance of slavery defended at the South, was that of necessity, and the impossibility of abolishing it, without producing consequences of the most disastrous character to both parties. The passage of a law providing for the emancipation of nearly a million of slaves in the British colonies, seemed to afford full opportunity of bringing this momentous question to the decisive test of experience. If the result proved satisfactory, I have never doubted that it would seal the fate of slavery throughout the civilized world. As far as the observations of Messrs. Thome and Kimball extended, the result is of the most gratifying character. It appears to place beyond a doubt that the experiment of immediate emancipation, adopted by the colonial legislature of Antigua, has fully succeeded in that island; and the plan of apprenticeship in other portions of the West Indies, as well as could have been expected from the obvious inherent vices of that measure. It has given me new views of the practicability of emancipation. It has been effected in Antigua, as appears from unquestionable authorities contained in the work of Messrs. Thome and Kimball, not merely without danger to the master but without any sacrifice of his interests. I cannot but think that the information collected in the volume will have a powerful effect on public opinion, not only in the Northern States, but in the southern States.

I see repeated references in this volume to the mission of Messrs. Sturge and Harvey. I am not aware that any publication has been made by those gentlemen. If the fact is otherwise, and you have the volume in your possession, you would greatly oblige me by the loan of it for a few days.

I am, dear sir, with much regard,
Your friend and servant,
EDWARD EVERETT.

Edmund Quincy Esq,

A, B, C, of ABOLITION:

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET EXAMINED THE SUBJECT

ANTI-SLAVERY CATECHISM.

BY MRS. CHILD.

Question. Yet people are always saying that free negroes cannot take care of themselves.

Answer. It is because people are either very much prejudiced, or very ignorant on the subject. In the United States, colored persons have scarcely any chance to rise. They are despised, and abused, and discouraged, at every turn. In the slave States they are subject to laws nearly as oppressive as those of the slave. They are whipped or imprisoned, if they try to learn to read or write; they are not allowed to testify in court; and there is a general disposition not to encourage them by giving employment. In addition to this the planters are very desirous to expel them from the State, partly because they are jealous of their influence upon the slaves, and partly because those who have slaves to let out, naturally dislike the competition of the free negroes. But if colored people are well treated, and have the same inducements to industry as other people, they work as well and behave as well. A few years ago the Pennsylvanians were very much alarmed at the representations that were made of the increase of pauperism from the ingress of free negroes. A committee was appointed to examine into the subject, and it was ascertained that the colored people not only supported their own poor, but paid a considerable additional sum towards the support of white paupers.

Q. I have heard people say that the slaves would not take their freedom, if it were offered to them.

A. I sincerely wish they would offer it. I should like to see the experiment tried. If the slaves are so well satisfied with their condition, why do they make such severe laws against running away?—Why are the patrols on duty all the time to shoot every negro, who does not give an account of himself as soon as they call to him? Why, notwithstanding all these pains and penalties, are their newspapers full of advertisements for runaway slaves? If the free negroes are so much worse off than those in bondage, why is it that their laws bestow freedom on any slave, "who saves his master or mistress's life, or performs any meritorious service to the State?" That must, be a very bad country where the law stipulates that *meritorious* actions shall be rewarded by making a man more unhappy than he was before! Some months ago, I had a conversation with a woman, who went from Boston to Tuscaloosa, in Alabama. She was the wife of a Baptist clergyman, professed to be a pious woman, and was considered as such. I found her an apologist for slavery, but was not aware at the time that she actually owned slaves. She maintained that freedom was the greatest curse that could be bestowed on a slave; and when I attempted to put the case home to her conscience, she, for consistency's sake, declared, that she should be quite as willing to die and leave her own little son in slavery, as to leave him a free laborer at the North. She said if she had a hundred slaves, she should treat them all kindly, and endeavor to make their condition comfortable. I replied, "I am willing to believe that you would do so, madam; but in case of your death, or of any pecuniary distress in the family, the poor slaves would be divided among heirs, or seized by creditors; and then who can tell into whose hands they may fall? The condition of the slave depends on the character of the master; and that is entirely a matter of *accident*." The pious woman rejoined, "Oh, I should take care of that. If they were good, faithful servants, they would find at my death that papers of manumission had been duly prepared." "But you told me that freedom was the greatest curse that could be bestowed upon a slave," replied I: "Now is it possible, madam, that you would leave, as your dying legacy to good and faithful servants, the greatest curse you could bestow?"

Q. Do you suppose they really believe what they say, when they declare that slaves are happier than freemen?

A. I leave your own republican good sense to determine that question. Governor Giles, of Virginia, did not take that ground in his address to the Legislature in 1827. Speaking of punishing free blacks by selling them as slaves, he says: "Slavery must be admitted to be a punishment of the highest order; and according to every just rule for the apportionment of punishment to crimes, it would seem that *it ought to be applied only to crime of the highest order.*"

But even if it were true that the slaves were as happy and contented as slaveholders try to represent them—what would it prove? It would merely prove that they had fearfully brutalized immortal souls before they *could* be happy in such a situation. Edmund Burke said very truly, "If you have made a *happy slave*, you have made a *degraded man.*"

Q. But how is it that some people, who really do not intend to make false representations, bring back such favorable accounts of slavery, after they have visited at the South?

A. It is because they go among rich, hospitable planters, and see favorite household slaves. Of the poor wretches on the plantations, subject to the tender mercies of an overseer, they know as little, as the guests of a Russian nobleman know of the miserable condition of his serfs. Their sympathies all go with the master. They ask questions of the master, and not of the slave. Even if they tried to talk with the latter, the poor creatures would be afraid to speak freely, lest any expressions of discontent might be reported to the master, or the overseer. I should like to have you hear them talk, as I have heard runaway slaves talk, when they knew they had a friend to listen to them!

Communications.

LETTER FROM DR. HUDSON.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Ohio.

To the Editor of the Standard:

My last communication left me at Leesburg,* at a Camp-Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Many of the influential members of that sect, who had previously been converted to anti-slavery, and others whose hearts had been greatly warmed up at the result of my lecture, importuned me to attend the camp-meeting, and, peradventure, they might gain access for me to the "stand."—This was proposed to the leading minister, whose heart is tender, and inclined aright; but he is deficient in moral courage. His colleagues all set their faces against me, and threw the entire responsibility on him. His temperament does not fit him for such emergencies; and he trembled to find himself between two fires; if he favored me, he would incur blame; neither could he escape it, if he did not favor me. He said he did not clearly see what the Methodist church had to do with slavery; but he was very willing to invite me to the stand, if I would agree not to mention that exciting subject.

On First day, I addressed a congregation of ten or fifteen hundred, on PRACTICAL GODLINESS. The themes on which I touched were the necessity of faith in God—of obedience to his commands—of laboring for the advancement of His kingdom on earth—of hearty and uncompromising hatred of all sin, and the full exposure thereof, whether found in the councils of State or Nation, in our social or business relations, in literary institutions, in the church, or the ministry. I said the church was full of defilements, that iniquity and abomination found covert there, while her "prophets prophesied falsely," and cried "peace, peace, where there was no peace." That true godliness was manifested by universal love towards all mankind; not an abstract, speculative love, but practical and active. That God set his seal on the forehead of those who manifested this love, irrespectively, to all their fellow men; and that all others were hypocrites, and mocked God with empty professions. These principles of practical godliness, identical with abolition, were fully brought before the audience, and listened to very attentively for an hour and a half. Before the meeting, the camp was in great perturbation. They heard that an abolition lecturer was to occupy the stand, and they feared that all love would be destroyed, the meeting broken up, &c. However, the discourse so far commended itself to the common sense of the audience, that much solicitude was evinced to hear me again; but the meeting did not like again to impose a fetter on me—and they feared to trust another address without previous restriction.—They must have felt somewhat condemned, I think, to see me on the stand, a fettered representative of 70,000 of the members of their own church in chains! Chains, which the Methodist Episcopal Conference, at Baltimore, had taken pains to rivet, by gagging the mouths of its ministers, and suspending those who had dared to "open their mouths for the dumb." The Methodist church "has nothing to do with slavery," forsooth! Yet has it thus publicly joined hands with the thieves who are continually robbing and oppressing 70,000 of their own brethren in the church! Brethren, whom they believe to be "living temples of the Holy Ghost."

One of the ministers apologized for not pleading the cause of his brethren in bonds, by saying that such a course would "get him into hot water in less than two months." I bore a faithful testimony to him against a church that consented to hide abominations, and the "dumb dog" teachers who feared to reprove sin. When I bade them farewell, I received many importunities to return again.

The next day, I met brother C. C. Burleigh, at Mount Pleasant, in the vicinity of which he had been delivering many lectures to highly respectable audiences.

On the third day I attended the Yearly meeting of the Friends called Hicksites, and by permission heard their Reports on the state of the Society. Nothing of particular interest occurred here. They all bear an abstract testimony against slavery, and some of them a practical and very unequivocal one. They, too, find it "an exciting question."

At 4, P. M. a full audience at the Methodist Episcopal Meeting House, listened nearly two hours to the powerful truths poured forth by C. C. Burleigh; after which subscriptions for the Standard were taken, and pledges for the American Society. In the evening, C. C. Burleigh again lectured to a large and attentive audience, at Harrisville.

I went to fulfil an engagement I had made in Smithfield. Notices had not been issued, and the meeting was moderately attended. An effort was made to shut us out of the building; but the trustees opened it, and we had a profitable meeting. Addled eggs, the common and favorite pro-slavery argument, appeared to be very abundant, and satisfactory to the reason of the majority. The prevailing influence here is Quaker; and seeing the state of things, the question could not but occur whether it was living anti-slavery—a blazing beacon, that all the people might see—or a still, do-nothing influence, hidden under a bushel? I apprehend they would evince more zeal, if even one of their own children was in slavery.

At New Alexandria, I lectured in the Methodist meeting-house, two hours and a half, on the question, "What has the North to do with slavery?" Here, I fell in by the way-side, with a Methodist Episcopal minister, who was greatly excited at the mere mention of abolition.—He dreaded the excitement it produced in the church, which, he said, was innocent of the sin of slavery, and therefore, was not called upon to meddle with the agitating subject. I asked him if the church was altogether innocent, how it came to be so fearfully *agitated*; and reminded him that the Baltimore Conference had, to all intents and purposes, given its endorsement to all the crimes of slavery. He maintained that the Conference had done right; because the church had no business to act in opposition to the laws of the land. I told him this was all the same as saying that the church would not, and ought not, administer its discipline to thieves and adulterers, because said thieves and adulterers had made laws to shield and absolve themselves. I might have asked, too, how their missionaries in heathen lands could get on, if they adopted the maxim that the church had no right to act or speak in opposition to existing laws

On the seventh day, C. C. Burleigh and I, met at Georgetown; he having held several meetings, and lectured effectually on the way. We both addressed the Quarterly Anti-Slavery meeting convened there. He urged the illegality of slavery, and proved that it created its own evil and dangerous circumstances, and then used them as a pretext for the necessity of its continuance.—I endeavored to prove the strong pro-slavery sentiment existing in the free States, and that this in fact constituted the main prop of the vile system, which would inevitably fall without it. This meeting was well attended, and was a pleasing and profitable one.

At West Grove, on First day, we held a meeting in the Friends' meeting-house; of the branch called Hicksite—a name which they do not like, but which it is sometimes convenient to use. The audience listened to a powerful argument by C. C. Burleigh, drawn from the 58th chapter of Isaiah; and a long address from myself, on the obligations of the North, the application and result of our principles, &c.

A fugitive brother, sixty years of age, arrived at Mount Pleasant this morning, on his way from the land of slavery, where he had spent the best of his days, "hoping that freedom would come." His children and grand-children had all left his master for Canada, some time ago; and he had grieved and pined for them till he was well nigh reduced to death's door. Lately, his master had accused him of helping off two young slaves that were missing, and threatened him with a thousand lashes. Thus urged, the poor old man started to hunt up the fugitives. He found that travelling in the free air agreed wonderfully well with his health and spirits; and so "he kept on looking after the boys," as he said, with a sly expression in his eye. He is now on his way to Canada, seeking for them, and will probably find them there. The old man said his departure was the winding up of his master's concerns; for he had lost seven slaves within a very short time; all by "colonization with their own consent;" and without asking aid from the funds of the Colonization Society. He was delighted with our anti-slavery meeting; and shed floods of grateful tears, as he listened to our plea for the suffering bondmen.

Two women passed through here to Canada, a few days since; the master in full pursuit, which, as usual, proved unavailing. A smart, light-complexioned girl of eighteen, lately passed by me, on her way to that government which not only *declares* human beings have a right to freedom, but *protects* them in that right. She had been sold, from sisters and friends, into the hands of a vile debauchee, down the river, from whom she escaped. He was after her the next day, full speed; but he didn't find her.

Another handsome girl, about eighteen, perfectly white, who had been the slave of a Presbyterian minister, has lately claimed a right to herself, and gone beyond the hunters.

It is perfectly astonishing how futile most attempts of the slaveholders are, to recover their absconded chattels, when they once get out of their clutches. They often come quick enough to see their fresh tracks on the sand, but, somehow or other, the *feet* elude their observation.

A company of seven slaves lately passed along together, with their masters close upon them; yet they all found their way into Canada! To be sure, it cost some individuals $65, right out of their pockets, to get them through; but through they went, to that "bourne whence no *slave* traveller returns."

At the close of one of our meetings, some individuals, whose minds were fettered by prejudice, remarked that "what had been advanced was true and powerful; but these men were Garrison men; and could any good thing come from such a source?" As if truth could be changed in its nature by the medium through which it comes.

Another third party man, after reading D. L. Child's article in the Standard, on Political action, said, "If I had not got harnessed into the Liberty Party, I would have nothing to do with it. That article in the Standard appears to me very conclusive;" and so said many others. R. H. of C—— said to me, "The abolitionists here are divided, and have no confidence in each other, with respect to party politics. You can get a fair hearing, and are listened to without distrust, because you are known not to be a political partizan. This fact enables you to retain your moral influence over the people."

The Friends called Orthodox were to hold their Yearly meeting on second day, at Mt. Pleasant, and we intended to make use of the opportunity; but as their gathering was deferred, for some reason, we joined a Temperance meeting, which C. C. B. addressed very powerfully.

I hear that the Friends' meeting was quite large; and that several epistles were received from other Yearly meetings, and from individuals. One from Virginia, which some thought an authentic document, warned them of the pernicious influence of abolitionists on the slaveholders, and admonished Friends not to unite in their councils. Another, from the London Yearly meeting, testified and advised to the contrary. I know not which they will think bears most authentic marks of being divinely inspired. Many who belong to the meeting are weeping over their position in this conflict between freedom and slavery.

From Mount Pleasant we have appointments through Belmont County, and thence into the "Old Dominion."

One thing I will say for all sorts of people here—third party, or no party—they give us a hearty welcome, hospitable entertainment, and a patient, attentive hearing.

Yours for the slave,

E. D. HUDSON.

* On account of the extreme difficulty of deciphering Dr. Hudson's hand-writing, this word was printed *Lusking*, in our last paper.

ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT IN HAYTI.

PORTE PLATT, 6th May, 1841.

A meeting of the citizens of this place favorable to immediate Emancipation, convened in the Wesleyan Chapel, for the purpose of discussing our duty in assisting the American Anti-Slavery Society in their noble struggle. The meeting was called to order by Wm. P. Griffin. On motion, Henry Purdy was called to the chair, and David P. Ray appointed Secretary. After some concise remarks by Mr. Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman being present, (friends to the cause, and abolitionists of Boston, U. S.,) were then introduced to the meeting, and participated in its deliberations; giving a statement of the rise and progress of the cause, and its hopes of ultimate success; which were exultingly received. Their eloquent remarks excited new vigor in the assembly.—They were followed by Mr. Griffin, in a short speech on slavery, its deleterious effects, the necessity of its abolition throughout the world, and our duty to assist in such a laudable enterprise.

The Rev. William Towler made an address, to show that influence and money were necessary in forwarding this great work of immediate emancipation.

After various remarks and questions from different persons, the meeting adjourned until the 13th inst., at the same place.

Met according to adjournment.

The following Constitution was submitted to the meeting, and adopted article by article:

LIBERTY. CONSTITUTION. EQUALITY.

Believing slavery to be a sin against God and man, we, the undersigned, hereby form ourselves into a Society for its complete extinction, and pledge ourselves to do all in our power for the attainment of that righteous object—the Freedom of all mankind.

ARTICLE I. This Society shall be called the Anti-Slavery Society of Porte Platt.

ART. II. For the better performance of the duty we have undertaken, there shall be annually appointed, as servants of this Society, a President, Vice President, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, Librarian, and six Counsellors.

ART. III. The meetings of this Society shall be regularly notified by the Recording Secretary, and shall be held on the 2d Thursday of January, April, July, and October; with as many more as shall be found necessary or desirable, for the purpose of devising plans, giving and receiving intelligence, and transacting such business as a diligent devotion to the interests of universal Freedom cannot fail to suggest.

ART. IV. As the stronghold of slavery is in the example of the United States of America, we are decided by that consideration, to labor for its extinction in alliance with the American Anti-Slavery Society.

ART. V. Our measures shall be, like those of Garrison, and of the philanthropists of the American Anti-Slavery Society with whom we are in alliance,—*Peaceful.* They shall be such only as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption—the overthrow of error by the poteney of truth—the destruction of prejudice by the power of love—and the abolition of slavery by the spirit of repentance. We will never countenance, in connection with this society, either insurrection in any other country, or violence in our own; deeming that the cause of Freedom can be truly served only by moral courage, free speech and action, and persevering and unceasing labor; and that it is ultimately injured by an appeal to force and bloodshed.

ART. VI. All persons loving the cause of Freedom, and subscribing to the above articles, may become members of this Society, and be entitled to all its privileges; of whatever nation, rank, sect, or color, such persons may be. As philanthropists, "our country is the world—our countrymen are all mankind;" our watchword is "Liberty and Equality!"

On motion of Mr. Griffin, a committee of three persons was appointed to select officers, according to the Constitution. The following names were returned, viz: For President, Henry Purdy; Vice President, Charles C. Beard; Recording Secretary, David P. Ray; Corresponding Secretary, Wm. P. Griffin; Council, Reazon Handsbury, James Banks, William H. Hall, Mrs. Towler, Mrs. Jane Nelson, Mrs. Susan Craig; Librarian, Jas. Treadwell. The above named were unanimously elected, for one year.

The following persons signed the Constitution:

John Treadwell,	David P. Ray,
—— Sharp,	James Treadwell,
George Smith,	Charles Irvin, Sen.
Phillip Edward,	Charles C. Beard,
Ralph Nelson,	James Banks,
Henry Russell,	Wm. H. Hall,
John Hutchison,	Wm. Purdy,
Rev. Wm. T. Cardy,	George E. Ray,
" John Tindell,	Richard Sutton,
" Wm. Towler,	Wm. Beard,
" Samuel Vinent,	John Jones,
Wm. P. Griffin,	Ishmael Freeman,
Henry G. Chapman,	Noah M. Nantz,
Mrs. Jane Nelson,	Edward Buck,
" Hannah Tilman,	James F. Dunn,
Miss Elizabeth Thomas,	George Cooper,
" Ann Kelly,	George Smith,
Mrs. Hannah Hutchinson,	Frederick Green,
" Harriet Francis,	Mrs. Susan Dyke,
" Mary Buck,	" Isabella Benjamin,
Miss Susan Durandumy,	" Margaret Turner,
" Eliza Jane Treadwell,	" Sophia Towler,
" Adelaide Nelson,	" Hannah Freeman,
Mrs. Maria L. Treadwell,	" E. Springer,
Miss Susan Purdy,	" Hannah W. Shepard,
" Susan Nelson,	" Elizabeth Shepard,
" Susan L. Ray,	" Elizabeth Russel,
Mrs. Alice Holmes,	" Christiana Shepard,
Henry Purdy,	Miss Jane Noill,
James Rollins,	" Eliza Farard,
R. Hansbury,	Mrs. Susan Craig,
John Baptist,	" Irvin,
Robert B. Ray,	Miss Ld. Shepard,
George Thomas,	Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman, of Boston, Mass.,
Charles Francisco,	
Favius Treadwell,	Mrs. Margaret Beard.

Most of the above are American emigrants.

Mr. James Treadwell then spoke at some length on the degrading influence of slavery, and on cultivation in the Island: at the conclusion of which, the thanks of the meeting were tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, for the manner in which they had addressed the several meetings, and also for the medal of the American Society, presented to our Society.

The meeting then adjourned.

HENRY PURDY, President.

DAVID P. RAY, Rec. See'y.

A SHAMEFUL DEED.

I think the friends of the anti-slavery cause are in danger of overrating the influence of their principles upon the North. It is true, there are many indications of progress; but that the mass of the people of New-England, are influenced by the great principles of equality, I very much doubt; nor do I believe the facts in the case would begin to confirm any such position.

My object in writing, is to make a plain, unvarnished statement of a recent development of *colorphorbia*, which I was unfortunate enough to witness. On Wednesday morning last, John A. Collins, Frederick Douglass, (recently a slave) and myself, took passage in the cars of the Eastern Rail Road Company, at Newburyport, for Portsmouth; on our way to the Strafford County Anti-Slavery Meeting, at Dover, N. H. For the purpose of bearing my testimony against that unhallowed prejudice which exists, and is carried out more on this road, than any other in the State, I took my seat in what, in vulgar language, is called the "*Jim Crow Car.*" I had remained but a moment, when the overseer very abruptly addressed me thus, "You are not dark-colored enough to ride here!" Expostulation would avail nothing with him, and I removed to the white car.

In the meanwhile, my friends Collins, and Frederick, had taken seats beside each other; having purchased tickets at an equal price, and supposing, from that fact, that they might have the privilege of riding in company. But a very few moments, however, had elapsed, when a Mr. Bancroft, the conductor of the "white cars," presented himself before us, and ordered Frederick to leave that place immediately. It was in vain that a reason was demanded. He merely replied that "passengers were to be seated under the direction of the conductor." The true reason for such treatment was, that Frederick had been *tanned* a little more than some of us; but the conductor was ashamed to say, "It is because this man is black."

While the conversation was going on between the conductor, Collins, and Frederick, some of the smaller fry were beating up recruits; and shortly, the whole "*posse,*" consisting of brake men, baggage men, &c. were on hand, ready to do the dirty work of their owners. The word was given, and five men seized poor Frederick, with the ferocity of wild beasts, and dragged him headlong over brother Collins; tearing his coat in several places, knocking off his hat, and bringing his head in contact with the railing of the seats upon the other side of the car. I had serious apprehensions that bones were broken; but was very glad to learn that my fears were unfounded. The door of the "cage for black-folks" was opened, and Frederick thrust into it with the exclamation, "That's good enough for you, d——n you."

The above are facts, of which I was an eye-witness; with the exception of what was said when Frederick entered his cage. For the truth of that, I have testimony of Richard Hood, of Danvers, Mass. who heard it.

Much surprise was manifested by the passengers; and I really believe, if a vote had been taken, our colored friend would have been voted in. One gentleman from the South, apparently of great respectability, was astonished to find *colorphorbia* so rife in this section. "My wife came into Boston on another road, said he, "upon the same seat with a colored woman, and no opposition was made." In that case, perhaps the colored woman was a *slave.*

What adds to the atrocity of this deed, in my estimation, is the fact, that the General Superintendant and Manager of the road, is Stephen A. Chace, of Salem, Mass.; a leading member of the Society of Friends.—Out upon such Quakerism! If this man is a re, resentative of that Society, their glory must have departed, indeed, and the fine gold, become dim. Would Fox, and Benezet, and Penn, and other worthies, who have graced that Society, think Friend Chase any *ornament* to their cause? even if he does wear the broad-brim and straight coat? Would they think him worthy to set in the high seats on "First day, and trample his brother in the dust on Second day? "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel" seldom found.

On the evening before this brutal outrage, Frederick addressed about fifteen hundred of the citizens of Newburyport, in the Rev. Mr. Campbell's church, with the pastor of the church in the desk with him. At the close, large numbers flocked around to congratulate him on having become a freeman; and to cheer him on in pleading the cause of his enslaved brethren. They would not let him go, without the promise of another address, at a future time. The next morning he is dragged headlong, like a brute, for what he could not help, viz, a dark skin. How long will such conduct be tolerated in a Christian and republican community? G. F.

Andover, Mass. Sept. 14, 1841.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XXXV.

James Poovey.

James Poovey was a slave to —— Coates, blacksmith, of the district of Southwark, Philadelphia. James had learned the trade, was a strong, athletic man, and very valuable. A number of young men, in that city, formed a society, called the "Young Men's Society for the Free Instruction of the Colored People;" and for many years, kept a school, during the winter evenings, in Willing's alley, which was attended by fifty or sixty male scholars, mostly adults; some of whom made rapid progress in their studies. Many learned to read, and write quite a legible hand, and some made considerable advancement in arithmetic. James attended this school several winters; but, although very attentive to his book, he made slow progress in learning. At length, however, by dint of application and industry, he learned so as to read with considerable facility, in the New-Testament; which seemed a great gratification. He now felt his bondage increasingly galling; and finally came to the determination to submit to it no longer. In the year 1802, when about thirty-three years old, he ventured to open his mind to his master, of which he gave me the following account:—

He informed him that he could read; at which his master expressed much satisfaction. James added that he could read in the Testamant. His master said he was glad of it. He then informed him that he had discovered that it would be a great sin in him to serve him as a slave, any longer. "Aye," says his master, "how did you make that discovery?" "Why," answered Jim, "the New-Testament says, we must do as we would be done by; and if I submit to let you do by me as you would not be willing that I should do by you, I am as bad as you.—If you will give me a paper that will secure to me my liberty, at the end of seven years, I will serve you that long; but I cannot be a slave any longer." His master refused to comply with this proposition. Jim then proposed that he should be permitted to go to sea, and earn money to buy his freedom; this was also peremptorily refused. James then informed him, that if he would not accede to one of the above propositions, he would never get any thing; for he would not make him another offer. He said he was determined to be free, and walked off.

His master made application to a magistrate, who issued a warrant, and James was arrested and committed to prison, as a disobedient, refractory slave. After he had been confined in jail nearly a month, his master went to see him, and asked him if he was ready to return home and go to work. Jim replied that he *was* at home; and that he expected to spend his days there; for he never would serve him again as a slave, or pay him one cent—"What do you come here for?" said he, "you have no business here." This greatly provoked his master, who forthwith made application to the inspectors to have him confined in the cells, on short allowance, until he should submit. I was at that time a member of the board, and as the subject was a colored man, they referred him to me. At length, as a last resort, he called upon me.—"Jim has, till quite lately, been a faithful, industrious fellow," said he; "but of late, he has got the notion into his head that he ought to be free, and refuses to serve me any longer; in consequence of which, I have placed him in prison. When I called at the jail to see him, he grossly insulted me, and still refuses to return to his business. I have been referred to you, to get an order to have him confined in a cell, on short allowance, until he submits."

I told him that I had been long acquainted with Jim; that I had been instrumental in teaching him to read; that I had often admired his punctuality in attending school, and his industry and attention when there. He remarked that learning to read had done him no good, but had, on the contrary, made him worse. I replied, that I thought it had not made him worse, but had made him wiser. "I have some scruples," said I, "about ordering him to be punished; for he professes to be *conscientious* about submitting to serve as a slave; and I cannot be active in persecuting him, or any other man, on account of his *conscientious scruples.* I have myself suffered because I could not conscientiously comply with military requisitions; and the Friends have suffered much in England on account of ecclesiastical demands. I therefore, have cause to know, in some degree, how hateful are persecutors, in the Divine sight, and in the sight of man." He inquired if I would not comply with his request; urging it as a duty upon me. I told him I must be the judge of that, and peremptorily refused. This irritated him exceedingly; and he left me, saying, "I hope to mercy your daughter will marry a negro."

At the expiration of the thirty days, that being the longest term allowed by law, for the offence for which he was committed, James still refusing to return to service, was committed for another thirty days. When that term was nearly expired, the master called again at the prison, when I happened to be there. He told Jim, if he would go home and behave well, he would give him a new suit of clothes, and a Methodist hat; for Jim was a Methodist. "I don't want your new clothes, nor your Methodist hat," replied he, "keep them yourself; I never will serve you or any other man, as a slave again. I would rather end my days in jail, where I now am." His master left him, and never afterwards molested him.

At the expiration of the second term for which he was committed, he was turned out of prison, and enjoyed the liberty of a free man. I frequently saw him afterwards, and he always looked respectable and happy. He let his beard grow under his chin, and never shaved it. One day, when I met him in the street, I said to him, "Jim, why dost thou wear that long beard? it looks very ugly." He replied, "I suppose it does; but I wear it as a memorial of the Lord's goodness in setting me free; for it was Him, that done it."

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 23, 1841.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

Few things in this world of misery and vice affect me so deeply as the reading of Police Reports. They usually betray such utter hardness of heart, such brutal indifference to human suffering and degradation! I believe, in my soul, there is no other source which tends more powerfully to *produce* crime, than these unfeeling *records* of crime. When the culprits are young, my sympathies are most painfully excited. Perchance, it may have been their first step in vice; they may have had none to teach them the distinctions between right and wrong; the influences around them may have been altogether evil; and their own knowledge of consequences indistinct and vague. Perhaps they come before the Court longing for a friend; under a sullen exterior, perchance hiding hearts all ready to melt at the voice of kindness. But who speaks a soothing word? Who gives a look of encouragement? Who proffers a helping hand? They scarcely compprehend the legal forms which condemn them; the judge is formal and cold; the constables are rough and stern; the rabble-crowd are full of jibes and jeers; and their unpitying laugh falls on aching hearts like the sound of earth on the coffin of a mother. Thus urged and driven, where can the desolate youth go, but right downwards to the prison, the gallows, and the grave?

These thoughts were lately brought afresh to my mind by the following true anecdote. I have given the culprits fictitious names, because some of the parties are still living; and I would not wound them by making them objects of curiosity.

James Gilman lived in the neighborhood of Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He was a revengeful character; and having become offended with one of his neighbors, he induced his two sons, one about fifteen, and the other about seventeen years of age, to accuse him of an infamous crime. The two lads testified before the Grand Jury; but the crime alledged was of so gross a nature, and was so at variance with the fair character of the individual, that the witnesses were subjected to a very shrewd and careful examination. They became embarrassed, and flaws were discovered in their evidence; in consequence of which they were indicted for conspiracy; and being taken by surprise, were thrown into confusion, pleaded guilty, and declined the offer of a trial.

Before the Court adjourned, they were senteneed to two years' imprisonment, at hard labor, in the penitentiary of Philadelphia. Luckily, Isaac T. Hopper was at that time one of the inspectors of that institution, and happened to be there when they arrived, at dusk, handcuffed and chained together, in custody of the Sheriff.

Their youth, and desolate appearance, at once excited the compassionate feelings of his tender heart. He spoke to them as a kind father would speak to beloved but erring sons. "Be of good heart, my poor lads," said he; "you can retrieve this one false step, if you will but make the effort. It is still in your power to become respectable and useful men. I will help you all I can."

He then gave particular directions that they should be placed in a room by themselves, apart from the contagion of those more hardened in vice; and to prevent unprofitable conversation, they were employed in the noisy business of heading nails.

From time to time, the humane inspector spoke soothing and encouraging words to them, and commended their good behaviour. When the Board of Inspectors met, he proposed that the lads should be recommended to the Governor for pardon. Not succeeding in his efforts, he wrote an article on the impropriety of confining juvenile offenders with old convicts, and published it in the daily papers. This had the desired effect. When the Board again met, Isaac T. Hopper and Thomas Dobson, were appointed to wait on the Governor, to obtain a pardon for the lads, if possible. After considerable hesitation, the request was granted; on condition that worthy men could be found who would take

influence upon them should prove injurious; and that, when once freed from restraint, they would not willingly return to constant industry and regular habits. They, however, promised faithfully that they would; and Isaac T. Hopper gave bonds for them, merely for the sake of strengthening their good resolutions by the additional claim of their warm gratitude to him. They returned punctually, at the day and the hour they had promised; and their exemplary conduct continued to give entire satisfaction to their employers.

A short time after the oldest lad became free, the turner with whom he worked, purchased a farm, and sold his stock and tools to his former apprentice. Dressed in his new suit of freedom-clothes, Isaac T. Hopper took him to the Governor's house, and introduced him as one of the lads whom he had pardoned several years before testifying that he had been a faithful apprentice, and much respected by his master. The Governor was much pleased to see him, shook him by the hand very cordially, and told him that he who was resolute enough to turn back from vicious ways, into the paths of virtue and usefulness, deserved even more respect, than he who had never been tempted.

He afterward married a worthy young woman, with a small property, which enabled him to build a neat two-story brick house. They lived in great comfort and respectability; he always retaining the character of a sober, industrious man.

The other brother passed through his apprenticeship very creditably; and at twenty-one years of age was likewise introduced to the Governor, with testimonials of his good conduct. He was united to a very respectable young woman; but died six or seven years after his marriage.

Both the young men always retained strong attachment and lively gratitude for Isaac T. Hopper; and never failed to attend, regularly, the meetings of the Society of Friends.

While my honored friend was Inspector of the prison, he was the means of aiding and encouraging about fifty young culprits, by means similar to those I have mentioned; and only two out of the whole number turned out badly.

To have saved even one fellow-being from ruin, is worth living for! Would that our prison-inspectors might read the lesson, and take it to their hearts! Not till sympathy and kindness take the place of harshness coercion, shall we see any perceptible diminution of crime in the community.—L. M. C.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 6.

Last week I visited the Jewish Synagogue in Crosby-street, to witness the Festival of the New Year, which was observed for two days, by religious exercises and a general suspension of worldly business. The Jewish year, you are aware, begins in September; and they commemorate it in obedience to the following text of Scripture: "In the first day of the seventh month ye shall have a Sabbath, a memorial of blowing of trumpets, a holy convocation. Ye shall do no servile work therein."

It was the first time I ever entered any place of worship where Christ was not professedly believed in. The strange vicissitudes of circumstance, over which I had no control, have brought me into intimate relation with almost every form of Christian faith, and thereby given me the power of looking candidly at religious opinions from almost any point of view. But beyond the pale of the great sect of Christianity, I had never gone; though far back in my early years, I remember an intense desire to be enough acquainted with some intelligent and sincere Mahometan, to enable me to look at the Koran through *his* spectacles.

The women were seated separately, in the upper part of the house. One of the masters of Israel came, and somewhat gruffly ordered me, and the young lady who accompanied me, to retire from the front seats of the synagogue. It was uncourteous: for we were very respectful and still, and not in the least disposed to intrude upon the daughters of Jacob. However, my sense of justice was rather gratified at being treated contemptuously as a Gentile and "a Nazarine;" for I remembered the contumely with which they had been treated throughout Christendom, and I imagined how they must feel, on entering a place of Christian worship, to hear us sing,

> "With hearts as hard as stubborn Jews,
> That unbelieving race."

The effect produced on my mind by witnessing the ceremonies of the Jewish Synagogue, was strange and bewildering. Spectral and flitting—with a sort of vanishing resemblance to reality. The magic lantern of the Past.

Veneration and Ideality, you know, would have made me wholly a poet, had not the inconvenient size of Conscientiousness forced me into reforms; between the two, I look upon the Future with active hope, and upon the Past with loving reverence. My mind was, therefore, not only unfettered by narrow prejudice, but solemnly impressed with recollections of those ancient times when the Divine Voice was heard amid the thunders of Sinai, and the Holy Presence shook the mercy seat between the cherubim. I had, moreover, ever cherished a tenderness for

> "Israel's wandering race, that go
> Unblest through every land;
> Whose blood hath stained the polar snow,
> And quenched the desert sand;
> Judea's homeless hearts, that turn,
> From all earth's shrines to thee,
> With their lone faith for ages borne
> In sleepless memory."

Thus prepared, the scene would have strongly excited my imagination and my feelings, had there not been a heterogeneous jumbling of the Present with the Past.—There was the Ark containing the Sacred Law, written on scrolls of vellum, and rolled, as in the time of Moses; but between the ark and the congregation, instead of the "brazen laver," wherein those who entered into the tabernacle were commanded to wash, was a common bowl and ewer of English delf, ugly enough for the chamber of a country tavern. All the male members of the congregation, even the little boys, while they were within the synaguogue, wore fringed silk mantles, bordered with blue stripes; for Moses was commanded to "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of their borders a ribbon of blue;"—but then these mantles were worn over modern broadcloth coats, and fashionable pantaloons with straps. The Priest indeed approached more nearly to the gracefulness of oriental costume; for he wore a full black silk robe, like those worn by the Episcopal clergy; but the large white silk shawl which shaded his forehead, and fell over his shoulders, was drawn over a common black hat! Ever and anon, probably in parts of the ceremony deemed peculiarly sacred, he drew the shawl entirely over his face, as he stooped forward and laid his forehead on the book before him. I suppose this was done because Moses, till he had done speaking with the congregation, put a vail upon his face. But through the whole, priest and people kept on their hats. My spirit was vexed with this incongruity. I had turned away from the vulgar turmoil of the Present, to gaze quietly for awhile on the grandeur of the Past; and the representatives of the Past walked before me, not in the graceful oriental turban, but the useful European hat! It broke the illusion completely.

The ceremonies altogether impressed me with less solemnity than those of the Catholic Church; and gave me the idea of far less faith and earnestness in those engaged therein. However, some allowance must be made for this: first, because the common bond of faith in Christ was wanting between us; and secondly, because all the services were performed in Hebrew, of which I understood not one syllable. To see mouths opened to chant forth a series of unintelligible sounds, has the same kind of fantastic unreality about it, that there is in witnessing a multitude dancing, when you hear no music. But after making all these allowances, I could not escape the conclusion that the ceremonies were shuffled through a cold, mechanical style. The priest often took up his watch, which lay before him; and assuredly this chanting of prayers "by Shrewsbury clock" is not favorable to solemnity.

The chanting was unmusical, consisting of monotonous ups and downs of the voice, which, when the whole congregation joined in it, sounded like the continuous roar of the sea.

The trumpet, which was blown by a Rabbi, with a shawl drawn over his hat and face, was of the ancient shape, somewhat resembling a cow's horn. It did not send forth a spirit-stirring peal; but the sound groaned and struggled through it—not at all reminding one of the days when,

> "There rose the choral hymn of praise,
> And trump and timbrel answered keen,
> And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
> With priest and warrior's voice between."

I observed, in the English translation on one side of an open prayer book, these words: "When the trumpet shall blow on the holy mountain, let all the earth hear! Let them which are scattered in Assyria, and perishing in Egypt, gather themselves together in the Holy City." I looked around upon the congregation, and I felt that Judea no longer awoke at the sound of the trumpet!

The ark, on a raised platform, was merely a kind of semi-circular closet, with revolving doors. It was surmounted by a tablet, bearing a Hebrew inscription in gilded letters. The doors were closed and opened at different times, with much ceremony; sometimes, a man stood silently before them, with a shawl drawn over his hat and face. When opened, they revealed festoons of white silk damask, suspended over the sacred rolls of the Pentateuch; each roll enveloped in figured satin, and surmounted by ornaments with silver bells. According to the words of Moses, "Thou shalt put into the ark the testimony which I shall give thee." Two of these rolls were brought out, opened by the priest, turned round toward all the congregation, and after portions of them had been chanted for nearly two hours, were again wrapped in satin, and carried slowly back to the ark, in procession, the people chanting the Psalms of David, and the little bells tinkling, as they moved.

While they were chanting an earnest prayer for the coming of the Promised One, who was to restore the scattered tribes, I turned over the leaves, and by a singular coincidence my eye rested on these words: "Abraham said, see ye not the splendid light now shining on Mount Moriah? And they answered, *nothing but caverns do we see.*" I thought of Jesus, and the whole pageant became more spectral than ever; so strangely vague and shadowy, that I felt as if under the influence of magic.

The significant sentence reminded me of a German friend, who shared his sleeping apartment with another gentleman, and both were in the habit of walking very early in the morning. One night, his companion rose much earlier than he intended; and perceiving his mistake, placed a lighted lamp in the chimney corner, that its glare might not disturb the sleeper, leaned his back against the fire-place, and began to read. Sometime after, the German rose, left him reading, and walked forth into the morning twilight. When he returned, the sun was shining high up in the heavens; but his companion, unconscious of the change, was still reading by lamplight in the chimney corner. And this the Jews are now doing; as well as a large proportion of Christians.

Ten days from the Feast of Trumpets, comes the Feast of the Atonement. Five days after, the Feast of Tabernacles is observed for seven days. Booths of evergreen are erected in the synagogue, according to the injunction, "Ye shall dwell in booths seven days; all that are Israelites born shall dwell in booths. And ye shall take the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days."

Last week, a new synagogue was consecrated in Attorney street; making, I believe, five Jewish Synagogues in this city, comprising in all about ten thousand of this ancient people. The congregation of the new synagogue are German emigrants, driven from Bavaria, the Duchy of Baden &c. by oppressive laws. One of these laws forbade Jews to marry; and among the emigrants were many betrothed couples, who married as soon as they landed on our shores; trusting their future support to the God of Jacob. If not as "rich as Jews," they are now most of them doing well in the world; and one of the first proofs they gave of prosperity, was the erection of a place of worship.

The oldest congregation of Jews in New-York, were called *Shewith Israel*. The Dutch governors would not allow them to build a place of worship; but after the English conquered the colony, they erected a small wooden synagogue, in Mill street, near which a creek ran up from the East river, where the Jewish women performed their ablutions. In the course of improvements this was sold; and they erected the handsome stone building in Crosby street, which I visited. It is not particularly striking or magnificent, either in its exterior or interior; nor would it be in good keeping, for a people gone into captivity to have garments like those of Aaron, "for glory and for beauty;" or an "ark overlaid with pure gold, within and without, and a crown of gold to it round about."

There is something deeply impressive in this remnant of a scattered people, coming down to us in continuous links from the remotest vista of recorded time; preserving themselves carefully unmixed by intermarriage with people of other nations and other faith, and keeping up the ceremonial forms of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, through all the manifold changes of revolving generations. Moreover, our religions are connected, though separated; they are shadow and substance, type and fulfillment. To the Jews only, with all their blindness and waywardness, was given the idea of one God, spiritual and invisible; and, therefore, among them only could such a one as Jesus have appeared. To us they have been the medium of glorious truths; and if the murky shadow of their Old dispensation rests too heavily on the mild beauty of the New, it is because the Present can never quite unmoor itself from the Past; and well for the world's safety that it is so.

Quakers were mixed with the congregation of Jews; thus oddly brought together, were the representatives of the extreme of conservatism, and the extreme of innovation!

I was disappointed to see so large a proportion of this peculiar people fair skinned and blue-eyed. As no one who marries a Gentile is allowed to remain in their synagogues, one would naturally expect to see a decided predominance of the dark eyes, jetty locks, and swarthy complexions of Palestine. But the Jews furnish incontrovertible evidence that color is the effect of climate. In the mountains of Bavaria they are light-haired and fair-skinned: in Italy and Spain they are dark; in Hindostan swarthy. The *Black* Jews of Hindostan are said to have been originally African and Hindoo slaves, who received their freedom as soon as they became converted to Judaism, and had fulfilled the rites prescribed by the ceremonial law; for the Jews, unlike the Christians, deem it unlawful to hold any one of their own religious faith in slavery. In another respect they put us to shame; for they held a Jubilee of Freedom once in fifty years, and on that occasion emancipated all, even of their heathen slaves.

Whether the Black Jews, now a pretty large class in Hindostan, intermarry with other Jews we are not informed. Moses, their great lawgiver married an Ethiopian. Miriam and Aaron were shocked at it, as they would have been at any intermarriage with the heathen tribes, of whatever color. Whether the Ethiopean woman had adopted the faith of Israel is not mentioned; but we are told that the anger of the Lord was kindled against Aaron and his sister, for their conduct on this occasion.

Not all the proverbial worldliness of the Jews, their modern costume, or mechanical mode of perpetuating ancient forms, can altogether divest them of a sacred and even romantic interest. The religious idea transmitted by this remarkable people, has given them a more abiding and extended influence on the world's history, than Greece attained by her classic beauty, or Rome by her triumphant arms. Mahometanism and Christianity, the two forms of theology which include nearly all the civilized world, both grew from the stock planted by Abraham's children. On them lingers the long-reflected light of prophecy; and we, as well as they, are watching for its fulfillment. And verily, all things seem tending toward it. Through all their wanderings, they have followed the direction of Moses, to be *lenders* and not *borrowers*. The sovereigns of Europe and Asia, and the republics of America, are their debtors, to an immense amount. The Rothschilds are Jews; and they have wealth enough to purchase all Palestine if they choose; a large part of Jerusalem is in fact mortgaged to them.—The oppressions of the Turkish government, and the incursions of hostile tribes, have hitherto rendered Syria an unsafe residence; but the Sultan has erected it into an independent power, and issued orders throughout his empire, that the Jews shall be as perfectly protected in their religious and civil rights, as any other class of his subjects; moreover, the present controversy between European nations and the East seems likely to result in placing Syria under the protection of Christian nations.—It is reported that Prince Metternich, Premier, of Austria, has determined, if possible, to constitute a Christian kingdom out of Palestine, of which Jerusalem is to be the seat of government. The Russian Jews, who number about 2,000,000, have been reduced to the most abject condition by contempt and tyranny; but there, too, government is now commencing a movement in their favor, without requiring them to renounce their faith. As long ago as 1817 important privileges were conferred by law on those Jews, who consented to embrace Christianity. Land was gratuitously bestowed upon them, where they settled, under the name of The Society of Israelitish Christians.

These signs of the times cannot, of course, escape the observation, or elude the active zeal, of Christians of the present day. England has established many missions for the conversion of the Jews. The Presbyterian Church of Scotland, have lately addressed a letter of sympathy and expostulation to the scattered children of Isreal, which has been printed in a great variety of Oriental and Occidental languages. In Upper Canada, a Society of Jews converted to Christianity, have organized to facilitate the return of the wandering tribes to the Holy Land.

The Jews, alarmed at this spirit of proselytism, are about to call a General Convention, to enable them to draw closer the bonds of union.

What a busy, restless age is this in which we are cast! What a difficult task for Israel to walk through its midst, with mantles untouched by the Gentiles'.

> "And hath she wandered thus in vain
> A pilgrim of the past?
> No! long deferred her hope hath been,
> But it shall come at last;
> For in her wastes a voice I hear,
> As from some prophet's urn,
> It bids the nations build not there,
> For Jacob shall return."

L. M. C.

EDWARD EVERETT.

The remonstrances of the North, have been attended to; as they always would be, even on the "delicate subject" of slavery, if she would only trust in her own strength, and speak out fearlessly. But how is it that no *other* indignity except this offered to Mr. Everett, can arouse the free spirit within us? There is Joshua Coffin, of Philadelphia, not as distinguished a citizen as the ambassador, but a very intelligent, and useful one; he, in the down-hill of life, with a large family dependent on him for support, is turned out of employment, for a simple act of benevolence in aiding a kidnapped citizen of New-York to regain his freedom. The act was not only morally right, but legally proper; but he must be turned out of office, forsooth, because the South chooses to consider it an unjustifiable interference with her "peculiar institution." Yet how silent is the northern press under *this* indignity!

For several years a law has stood on the statute book of Georgia, offering $5,000 for the abduction of William L. Garrison. Yet this insult to Massachusetts, in the person of a citizen guiltless of crime, has been most tamely endured. If any of the old Hancock spirit remained in that Commonwealth, one would think it might be roused to demand the repeal of that shameful law.—No Massachusetts man, who pretends to the least freedom of soul, ought to vote for a Georgian, for any office, until that law *is* repealed.

THEY ARE A STUPID RACE.

Of the many cunning contrivances to escape from slavery, we think the following is about the most shrewd we have heard yet. Two slaves in a certain County of Virginia, ran away with one of their master's horses.—They started very early in the morning, in the following fashion. One of the slaves fastened a strong rope round the other's body, tied him to the saddle, and drove off.—When met and questioned, the rider answered, "That black rascal undertook to run away from massa. I've caught him, and am taking him home, quick step. I guess he won't be for running away again in a hurry, after massa's had the cooking of him." This failed not to elicit warm approbation, accompanied with hospitable offers of refreshment for himself and his horse.

When arrived at a convenient place, the slaves exchanged places; the rider submiting to the rope in his turn, while the other performed his part to admiration; and, like him, received assistance and praise for his honest zeal in his master's service.

Thus they journeyed "in tye," till they reached Pennsylvania, when the rope was no longer necessary. Thence they passed over into Canada.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

We are glad to see this old banner still afloat, after having been for the third time torn down and trampled by the mob. It was to have been suspended, for a short time, for want of funds; but the late outbreak of popular fury will probably create for it new friends, and renew the zeal of old ones. The Philanthropist, is an ably conducted paper, and has been a very efficient and useful agent of the anti-slavery cause. We have been sorry to see it so devoted to political party abolition; because we think it is a mistake, fraught with bad consequences to our cause. But if the Philanthropist sustains a great error, it at least does it with dignity, good temper, and discretion. We are willing that good should be done in all sorts of ways, and by all sorts of agencies; therefore we do not *wish* evil results to flow from the organization of an abolition political party; we only *predict* that they cannot be avoided.

THE ANNIVERSARY AT PHILADELPHIA.

We are glad to see, by a letter from John A. Collins, that our Massachusetts friends are enthusiastic about the proposed commemoration of the formation of the American Society. The 3d of December will soon be here.—Let our friends in all directions set to work heartily to procure a full delegation. We have had so many disagreeable meetings, so much unpleasant conflict to sustain from a conscientious adherence to principle, that it will really be healthy for our souls to have one of the old-fashioned anti-slavery gatherings, such as used to lift us above all things narrow, mean, and selfish.

Disfranchised Citizens.—We would call attention to the well-argued, and well-written "Address of the New-York Convention of Colored Gitizens." That a large class of them have more than sufficient capacity for intelligent voters, is abundantly proved by the proceedings of that convention alone. We are glad to see them claiming their civil rights in a manner so resolute and dignified. They ought to be well sustained by petitions to the Legislature in their behalf, from the white citizens of New-York.

The Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society acknowledges the receipt of five dollars from Charles M. Billings, of Hatfield, Massachusetts, for Hiram Wilson; and twenty-five dollars from the "Worcester Female Anti-Slavery Society," for the "Canada Mission."

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW.

We regret being compelled to suspend this ably-written and very exciting story for one week. The book was in the hands of a distant friend, and accident prevented copy from arriving in season. In place of the usual chapters, we give an interesting story, connected with the early history of Friends, for the authenticity of which we have the word of Mary Howitt.

Anti-Slavery Items.

We find the following paragraph in the New-York Tribune. We copy it merely to show how very naturally, nay, almost inevitably, political party action degenerates into trickery:—

"Political Abolition.—Mr. John Thomas of Cortland county, who is an Abolition candidate for Senator from the Seventh District, thus writes to a friend:"

"One other thing (confidential.) It is an important object, as I think, to *defeat the Whig party* at this Election. The greatest portion of the Abolition voters are Whigs. Our hottest opponents are Whigs. If they are beat, they are gone forever; and we shall occupy the field alone. If they succeed, they will tell us that we have effected nothing, and can effect nothing. Therefore it is my opinion, that the Candidates to be put in nomination had better be 2 *Whigs* who will make the largest draft upon the Whig voters."

The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter, the central organ of the New Organization, comes out for September, under the editorial charge of J. G. Whittier; who, remaining at his home in Massachusetts, promises to contribute as much to its columns as his health will permit. It appears in a neat type, and as usual, with a well digested summary of intelligence.

England and Cuba.—The Governor General of Cuba has prohibited the enrolment of foreign-built vessels, square-rigged, or fitted for voyages across the ocean, from and after the 21th of June, 1842. The Baltimore clippers will lose their market, and the consulate at Havana, will lose its "fees."

These movements have a most portentious aspect, when viewed in connection with the character of the present Governor-in-chief, General Valdez. He is represented as a very honorable, soldier-like man. As an instance of his integrity, it is said he utterly refuses to receive what is called "the head money; *i. e.* the bribes of the slaveholders for winking at the illicit introduction of slaves from Africa. It is supposed that former governors have received an income of at least one hundred thousand dollars per annum. We fear there are some American functionaries, who would hardly resist such a temptation.

The British Government have issued an order, prohibiting all its subjects, holding official stations in slave-holding countries, from becoming the owners of slaves.—This has produced a great sensation at Havana, and a very salutary reform. It makes some of the British officials squirm not a little.

The London Anti-Slavery Committee have thanked Lord Palmerston in a complimentary letter, in which they suggest "that no person be appointed to office under the crown, in countries where slavery and the slave trade exist, who is not prepared, in the use of all legitimate and honorable means, to second the effort of the home government and the people, in their laudable design to terminate evils which have so long and so fearfully afflicted and degraded mankind."—*Emancipator.*

The Philadelphia National Gazette, says:—"It is rumored that England has demanded from the Spanish Government a fullfilment of the treaty of 1828, in relation to the slave trade, and required them to give up all slaves imported since that time. What the result may be, time will show. It is said six thousand troops of the line are now in Cadiz, to embark for Cuba immediately; and that the principal fortifications are to be put in a complete state of defence.

Another Outrage.—A very respectable colored woman, Mrs. Nancy Prince, formerly of Boston, lately returned from a visit to Jamaica, had the misfortune to lame herself and dislocate her shoulder by a fall, in New-York. She took passage for Providence in the steamboat Massachusetts, Captain Comstock. Her state of health rendered exposure to the night-air peculiarly dangerous; but notwithstanding the passengers seemed to commiserate her situation, and were perfectly willing she should remain in the ladies' cabin, she was turned out with great rudeness. The captain refused either to return her money, or give her a cabin ticket, though she was willing to pay full price. Her lameness rendered her unable to quit the boat, and she was obliged to pass the entire night on the forward decck. At ten o'clock, she again begged for a bed in the cabin, complaining that she was completely chilled with the cold; but the colored chamber maids refused with great rudeness. In consequence of this brutal conduct, she took a very severe cold, which has rendered her lameness much worse.

Amistad Captives.—The residence of these liberated Mendians is now ascertained, and they will probably go to Africa, this fall.

Andover.—At a meeting in Groton, Mass. it was voted to choose a committee, to inquire into the relation the Theological Seminary at Andover sustains to slavery, and to the anti-slavery enterprise, and to report to the meeting of the Middlesex County Anti-Slavery Society, to be held at Concord.

Rail Roads.—The *lower route* of the Eastern railroad, from Boston, through Newburyport, to Portsmouth, has rendered itself conspicuous for brutal treatment of colored passengers. In the cars of the *Upper* rail-road, no distinction is made on account of complexion. A colored citizen, who pays for his ticket, may seat himself where he pleases. We mention this, because it seems to be an obvious duty for friends of freedom to patronize the *upper* route.

Ohio.—The Anti-Slavery Executive Committee of Cincinnati have had a meeting, at which they resolved to support the Philanthropist. They passed resolutions expressive of deep sympathy with the much-abused colored citizens; of indignation at the public meeting in the Court House, so well calculated to inflame the mob against abolitionists; and loudly complaining of the tardy, inefficient, and negligent course pursued by the mayor and city authorities.

The editor of the Philanthropist, speaking of himself and his printer, says: "We are in daily jeopardy. Our enemies are open in their threats. Prudent friends advise a suspension. But we give place to the mob? no, not for an hour. So long as the friends of liberty shall aid, by the help of our Father in Heaven, we abide at our post. All we ask is, the *means*. Our Society is in debt. Our printer is a poor man, and has lost all but his type. Perhaps eight hundred dollars will cover his loss, and one hundred, ours. We ask help for him, and for the cause."

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce says: "We hope this loss will be made up to them; and that others besides abolitionists will contribute for this purpose. It is a mean and dastardly business to make war upon printing materials; and mob violence, in any shape, ought to be frowned upon by every friend of order and law."

George Thompson.—The Herald of Freedom, alluding to his speech at Glasgow, in defence of Old Organization, says: "It is worthy of the mighty man who uttered it. The sun has spots on it. We notice none, however, in this speech, unless it be the 'God speed,' improvidently wished, near the close of it, to the seceders from the anti-slavery enterprise. We are sorry he wished that. As seceders we wish them no such thing. As individuals we wish them repentance. It were unkind to wish them any thing else. And another thing in dear Thompson we wish. We wish he had come out with this speech while Collins was in Britain, and was persecuted for want of its powerful vindication. Perhaps Thompson was unprepared *in mind* to make it. He doubtless has a good reason. We will at least presume it."

New Hampshire Fair.—A few of the friends of old organized anti-slavery propose to hold a Fair about Christmas time, to assist in supporting the Herald of Freedom. They ask the co-operation of anti-slavery friends elsewhere.

Geography of Crime.—The Colonists at Liberia have lately entered into a treaty with certain African traders, who have been in the habit of carrying on a traffic in slaves. By this treaty, they consent to relinquish the slave trade, under *penalty of death*; and the chiefs bind themselves to give up any of their people who may be guilty. Query. If this trade be infamous and wicked on the coast of Africa, what is it on the coast of Maryland and Virginia?

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 9th mo. (Sept.) 21.

For the Standard.—The following persons have each paid $2: Charles M. Billing, Hatfield, Mass.; George W. Kemp, Rehobeth Village, Mass.; John Hutchinson, Brooklyn, L. I.; Dr. Jesse Judkins, Barnsville, Belmont Co. Ohio; Wm. Plumly, Somerton, Belmont Co., Ohio; Anti-Slavery Society, Dedham, Mass.; Sydney H. Gray, Hingham, Mass.; R. H. Ober, Medfield, Mass.; Stillman Lathrop, East Lexington, Mass.; James M. Alton, Geneseo, Henry Co. Ill.; Edward Y. Perry, Harison, Mass.; Dr. Geo. Bates, Boston; Wm. W. Story, Boston; Chas. Summer, Esq. Boston; Susan Cabot, Brookline, Mass.; Relief Loring, Boston; Capt. Charles Stuart, Bath, England.

David G. Paige, Washington, Duchess Co. N. Y. $1; George Devenport, Somerton, Belmont Co. Ohio, $28; James Bond, $1 50; John Coffee, $1 50; Rebecca Gregg, $1 50; Theodorick Hoge, $1 50; Ezu Dillon, $1 50,—all of Belmont Co. Ohio; John W. Fawcett, $1 50; L. M. Norris, $1 50; Abner Hoge, Lloydsville, Belmont Co. Ohio, $1 50; Dr. J. W. Coffee, Salem, Columbiana Co. Ohio, $1 50; Ezekiel Hale, jr. Haverhill, Mass, $4; Henry Giles, Southboro, Mass. $1; sundry subscribers at Andover, Mass. $4 29; Anti-Slavery Reading Room, Plymouth, Mass. $22 88; Samuel Eells, P. M. Hanover, Mass. $10,—Total, $118 67.

Donations.—Mrs. Speir, Southgate, Middlesex, England, two sovereigns, ($9 70) pr. W. Adam; Galen Anti-Slavery Society, by their Treasurer, Thomas Shotwell, $5; Annak Stoddard, Hanover, Mass. 50 cts.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas.*

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary:

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; and that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard an account of the moneys that may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution, and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some *certain* data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged,			$598 00
599	Charles M. Billings, Hatfield, Mass.		1 00
600	D. T. Joselyn, Plainfield, Mass.		1 00
601	A. D. M. Joselyn,	" "	1 00
602	H. J. Joselyn,	" "	1 00
603	Hannah L. Stickney, Philadelphia,		1 00
604	Eliza Bliss, Rehobeth Village, Mass.		1 00
605	Samuel Keese, Peru, Clinton Co. N. Y.		1 00
606	John H. Barker,	" " "	1 00
607	Arden Barker,	" " "	1 00
608	Stephen K. Smith,	" " "	1 00
609	Willets Keese,	" " "	1 00
610	William P. Ripley, Plymouth, Mass.		1 00
611	Nancy Ripley,	" "	1 00
612	Betsey F. M. Ripley,	" "	1 00
613	Ruth Harlow,	" "	1 00
614	Zilpha Harlow,	" "	1 00
615	Ansel H. Harlow,	" "	1 00
616	Johnson Davie,	" "	1 00
617	Rebecca Harlow,	" "	1 00
618	Sarah Stephens,	" "	1 00
619	Caleb Harding,	" "	1 00
620	Ichabod Morton,	" "	1 00
621	Edwin Morton,	" "	1 00
622	Sarah J. Davie,	" "	1 00
623	Lucia J. Russell,	" "	1 00
624	Hannah S. Thomas,	" "	1 00
625	Mary E. Taylor,	" "	1 00
626	William Thomas,	" "	1 00
627	William Derickson,	" "	1 00
628	Comfort Bates,	" "	1 00
629	George W. Briggs,	" "	1 00
630	Joseph Allen,	" "	1 00
631	William Stephens,	" "	1 00
632	Joshua Perry, Hanson,		1 00
633	Edward Y. Perry,	" "	1 00
634	Isaac M. Wilder,	" "	1 00
635	Stephen Joselyn,	" "	1 00
636	Ruth Wilder,	" "	1 00
637	Hervey Dyer,	" "	1 00
638	Rufus Bates,	" "	1 00
639	Ann S. Dwelly,	" "	1 00
640	Albert Stetson,	" "	1 00
641	John Curtiss,	" "	1 00
642	Sally Curtiss,	" "	1 00
643	William Henderson,	" "	1 00
644	Elijah Hobart, jr., Hingham,	"	1 00
645	Louisa Hobart,	" "	1 00

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

ENGLAND.

New Ministry.—The New Tory ministry have taken their places; and Sir Robert Peel has had a long and gracious audience with the Queen. Sir Howard Douglas is appointed Governor General of Canada, in place of Lord Sydenham.

War.—Since the resignation of the Whig ministry, the Tory press has assumed a much milder tone in reference to the U. States and McLeod. They have confidence that the new ministry will be firm in their negotiations on this subject. One of their first operations was an immediate despatch of fresh instructions on this point to Mr. Fox, their minister at Washington. Lord Palmerston, in reply to a string of questions in the House of Commons, gave renewed assurances that the American government had pledged itself to the British, for McLeod's safety and ultimate release.

Between France and England everything indicates a pacific and friendly policy; and this circumstance will probably make the U. States less inclined to a war with Great Britain; for the policy of war, though it calls itself honorable, is cowardly and treacherous, and seeks to attack an enemy when he is weakest.

Trade.—The commercial depression still continued in Great Britain, and the distress occasioned by it in most of the manufacturing districts, was most appalling. The Liverpool papers state that there never was a period in the history of England when the poorer classes suffered more from the want of employment, and the advance in price of almost every description of food.

The state of destitution which prevails is frightful.—Placards of abandoned infants disfigure every wall.—Even last week, a parent, a father, put to death four of his children, that he might obtain and make a profit of 15s. out of the burial fees, to which he was entitled as a member of a benefit society.

Thousands of the peasantry were working at 6s. per week; and sempstresses at 3d. a 4d. per day.

The cotton trade is in a worse state than ever; eight large houses connected with it in Liverpool and Manchester, have failed for the aggregate amount of nearly five millions of dollars. This terrible revulsion is mainly traced to our southern bankruptcy, and the suspension of southern banks. More heavy failures are considered as inevitable.

The Crops.—For some time past it has been feared that a long continuance of wet and cold weather would nearly ruin the crops; and the gloomiest prognostics were entertained. But the latest news, by the Caledonia, show that this dreadful evil is not to be added to commercial disasters. Several weeks of fine weather have changed the face of affairs materially; and the accounts are now highly encouraging. In Wales it was thought the harvest would be better than it had been for twelve years. The prices of grain do not as yet recede.

Corn Laws.—The Queen has given another indication of her sentiments with regard to the Corn Laws, by appointing the Rev. Baptist Noel her chaplain. He is the author of an able and benevolent production, called "A Plea for the Poor."

Steam Ships.—The British Queen has been sold to the Belgian government. She is expected to form a line of communication between Belgium and the U. States.

There are now five magnificent new steamers, for the purpose of carrying the West India mails from Great Britain. They register no less than 9,500 tons, and are said to be unrivalled for durability, elegance, and the finest sailing qualities. The cost is thought to be £400,000.

Theodore Hook, the well-known novelist and wit, died at his residence on the 23d ult. A memoir, by a literary friend, is about to be published.

Fanny Kemble.—This lady is positively announced to re-appear on the stage at Covent Garden theatre, under her full name of Fanny Kemble Butler. Some of the English papers assign as a reason, Mr. Butler's great loss of property by the U. S. Bank.

Colored Member of Parliament.—The correspondent of the N. York Herald says: "The small borough of Sudbury has returned a *nigger* for a representative; Mr. D. Sombre. He advocates the outside of liberalism, and did the business quite handsome, outbidding the tories by some considerable amount of dollars."

Whether this is a hoax or not, we cannot tell. There is no mention of it in other papers.

Temperance.—An Irish Friend, speaking of the late stormy elections, writes thus from Dublin: "Many of us trembled at the ordeal, when we remembered 'olden times—when we thought of the scenes of riot, and drunkenness, and confusion, hitherto inseparable from these occasions; and we asked, 'Will our population withstand the temptation?' But we were weak and faithless! They have stood it! A few drunkards were seen by some. I did not see one. Never were so few committed as during the eventful week."

Peace.—The great metropolitan debating club in London, called 'The Union,' lately debated this question, in connection with the pacific sentiments of the President's Message, and decided, by a majority of 104 to 47, that "the time had gone by when national differences should be settled by a resort to arms."

FRANCE.

No War.—The speech of Sir Robert Peel was read with the greatest interest and attention, particularly that portion of it which had reference to the re-establishment of friendly relations between England and France.

Projectile Missiles.—The 'Cologne Gazette' states that M. de Bismark, an officer on half-pay, has invented a frightful projectile, to be used in war—a ball which not only strikes, but ignites the object struck with a fire which cannot be extinguished. The inventor, who is about to exhibit his machine at Spandau, considers that it will render war impossible.

Death.—Mr. Wells, the great Parisian banker, is dead. He was a native of Boston, Mass.

SPAIN.

Espartero was ill, and could not close the Session in person. The Senate had passed several bills, among which were the Military Pension bill, and that authorizing the sale of clerical property. No insurrection in favor of Queen Christina has ever been thought of, as has been reported.

At the earnest desire of Queen Christina, King Louis Philippe is about to negotiate with the Spanish Government for the withdrawing of the interdiction laid upon the young Queen Isabella, and the Infanta, her sister, from corresponding with their Royal mother.

ITALY.

The Bonapartes.—All the members of this remarkable family have united in Genoa, where they seem to intend to fix their residence; with the exception of Prince Louis, now a prisoner in the Castle of Ham, for his wild and foolish attempt to effect a revolution in France.

Riot in Rome.—A horrible tumult arose at the execution of two men and a woman, who had robbed a rich watch-maker, and murdered his wife and daughter. One of the prisoners uttered the most horrid imprecations on the scaffold, and pointing to the crowd said to the executioner, "Oh, if I were only among them, how I would punish them! I want life only on that account." At these words, the most horrible cries were heard. Thousands who sought safety in flight were beset by wretches, who snatched watches from the men, and tore the jewels from the ears of women. The thieves and their victims were so mingled together in the crowd, that the police and military could effect but little. Twelve were killed, and 200 wounded.

PRUSSIA.

His majesty has introduced an essential alteration in the form of signing sentences of death. Instead of, "We confirm this sentence, and order it to be executed"—it now is, "We confirm this sentence, and let the law take its course."

THE EAST.

China.—The Emperor was still determined to resist the British, and was concentrating a large force to be commanded by his brother in person.

The Press in India.—This is becoming of great importance as a vehicle of information on East Indian affairs. Two years ago, India altogether sent only a few hundred newspapers to England; now, each steamer carries from 8,000 to 10,000.

GRE

Poetry.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

POEM BY JOHN Q. ADAMS.

John Quincy Adams is one of the intellectual prodigies whose characters distinguish eras of time. An hundred years hence, I doubt whether the American annals will show more than two names—Benjamin Franklin, and George Washington—brighter than that of John Q. Adams.

Mr. Adams is now 74 years old. But years have made no impression upon his intellect.

Mr. Morgan, whose seat in the House is next to that of Mr. Adams, has obtained for me, with permission to publish in the Journal, a copy of the poem which I enclose. It was written in July, 1840, under these circumstances:—General Ogle informed Mr. Adams that several young ladies in his district had requested him to obtain Mr. A.'s autograph for them. In accordance with this request. Mr. Adams wrote the following beautiful poem upon "The Wants of Man," each stanza upon a sheet of note paper. What American young lady would not set a precious value upon such an autograph from this illustrious Statesman:—

THE WANTS OF MAN.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."—*Goldsmith's Hermit.*

I.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with *me* exactly so—
But 'tis so in my song.
My wants are many, and if told
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should wish for more.

II.

What first I want is daily bread,
And canvass-backs and wine;
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine—
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

III.

What next I want at heavy cost,
Is elegant attire;
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire,
And cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck—
And diamond rings my hands to grace;
And rubies for my neck.

IV.

And then I want a mansion fair,
A dwelling-house in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air,
A massive marble pile:
With halls for banquets and for balls,
All furnished rich and fine;
With stabled studs in fifty stalls,
And cellars for my wine;—

V.

I want a garden and a park
My dwelling to surround,
A thousand acres, (bless the mark,)
With walls encompassed round,
Where flocks may range and herds may low,
And kids and lambkins play—
And flowers and fruits commingled grow
All Eden to display.

VI.

I want, when summer's foliage falls,
And autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city's walls
For comfort and for ease—
But here as space is somewhat scant,
And acres rather rare,
My house in town I only want
To occupy——a Square.

VII.

I want a steward, butler, cooks,
A coachman, footman, grooms;
A library of well-bound books
And picture-garnished rooms,
Corregios, Magdalen and Night
The matron of the chair;
Guido's fleet coursers in their flight,
And Claudes at least a pair.

VIII.

I want a cabinet profuse
Of medals, coins, and gems;
A printing press for private use
Of fifty thousand *ems*,
And plants, and minerals, and shells,
Worms, insects, fishes, birds;
And every beast on earth that dwells,
In solitude or herds.

IX.

I want a board of burnish'd plate,
Of silver and of gold,
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight,
With sculpture's richest mould,
Plateaus with chandeliers and lamps,
Plates, dishes, all the same:
And Porcelain vases with the stamps
Of Sevres, Angouleme.

X.

And maples of fair glossy stain
Must form my chamber doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain
Must cover all my floors.
My walls with tapestry bedeck'd
Must never be outdone;
And damask curtains must protect
The colors from the sun.

XI.

And mirrors of the largest pane
From Venice must be brought;
And sandal wood and bamboo cane
For chairs and tables bought;
On all the mantel-pieces, clocks
Of thrice gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

XII.

I want—(who does not want?)—a wife,
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share,
Of temper sweet—of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind;
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiments refin'd.

XIII.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And Fortune fills my store;
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want, (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair—
The boys all wise and brave.

XIV.

And when my bosom's darling sings
With melody divine,
A pedal harp of many strings,
Must with her voice combine.
A piano, exquisitely wrought,
Must open stand, apart;
That all my daughters may be taught
To win the stranger's heart

XV.

My wife and daughters will desire
Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetics for the skin require
And artificial blooms,
The Civit, fragrance shall dispense
And treasur'd sweets return;
Cologne revive the flagging sense
And smoking amber burn.

XVI.

And when, at night, my weary head
Begins to droop and doze,
A southern chamber holds my bed
For nature's soft repose:
With blankets, counterpanes and sheet,
Mattrass and bed of down;
And comfortables for my feet,
And pillows for my crown.

XVII.

I want a warm and faithful friend
To cheer the adverse hour:
Who ne'er to flatter will descend
Nor bend the knee to power.
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him, as his for me.

XVIII.

I want a kind and tender heart,
For others wants to feel;
A soul secure from Fortune's dart,
And bosom arm'd with steel.
To bear divine chastisement's rod
And mingling in my plan,
Submission to the will of God
With charity to man.

XIX.

I want a keen, observing eye;
An ever listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
And wisdom's voice to hear.
A tongue to speak at virtue's need
In Heaven's sublimest strain,
And lips the cause of Man to plead,
And never plead in vain.

XX.

I want uninterrupted health
Throughout my long career;
And streams of never failing wealth
To scatter far and near,
The destitute to clothe and feed
Free bounty to bestow:
Supply the helpless orphan's need
And soothe the widows's woe.

XXI.

I want the genius to conceive,
The talents to unfold
Designs, the vicious to retrieve;
The virtuous to uphold.
Inventive power, combining skill;
A persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mould the will
And reach from Pole to Pole.

XXII.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command;
Charged by the People's unbought grace,
To rule my native Land—
Nor crown, nor sceptre would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

XXIII.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind;
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind;
That after ages as they rise
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

XXIV.

These are the wants of mortal man,
I cannot want them long—
For life itself is but a span
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want absorbing all
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summon'd to my final call:
The *mercy of my God.*

XXV.

And oh! while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream:
And yet a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream;
My soul, in humble hope unscar'd
Forget not thou to pray,
That this thy *want* may be prepared
To meet the Judgment day.

WASHINGTON, 14th June, 1840.

Miscellany.

MARTHA AND MARY.

Founded on an interesting fact in the early history of the Society of Friends.

BY MARY HOWITT.

It was when the persecution of the people called Quakers had, for a short season, somewhat abated its rigor, and they ventured to attend their religious assemblies without fear of injury to their families in the mean time, that Walter Pixley and his wife, a staid and respectable couple belonging to that despised community, rode eleven miles to their county town of Stafford, to be present at a meeting, at which that apostle-like young man, Edward Burrough, was to preach; leaving their little daughter, Martha, under the care of an aged woman, who was, at that time, their sole female domestic.

Martha was a grave child, though but seven years of age; her young mind had taken its tone from both of her parents. She had been born in a season of persecution, had been cradled, as it were, in anxiety and sorrow, and as she grew old enough to comprehend the circumstances that surrounded her, she saw her parents constantly filled with apprehension for the safety of their lives and property. She had heard them talk over the grievances, spoiling of goods, the maimings, the whippings, and the horrible sufferings of their persecuted brethren—persecuted even to the death; and heard of little children enduring, with the steadfastness of early martyrs, imprisonments and pains, which would overcome even the strong man; till, unlike the ordinary child of her years, her countenance habitually wore a look of gravity, and her heart bled at the least thought of suffering or sorrow.

Martha's home was in a country place, surrounded by fields—a pleasant, quiet valley, the patrimonial heritage of her father. It was harvest time, and in the course of the morning the old servant went out with the reapers' dinners, leaving little Martha to amuse herself in her usual quiet way.—She had not been long alone before a beggar-woman presented herself with a young child in her arms.—Martha knew that it was her mother's custom to relieve distress, in whatever shape it presented itself; and the story the woman told, whether false or true, touched her to the soul; she gave her, therefore, the dinner which had been set aside for herself, and compassionated her in words of the truest sympathy; and when the child in the woman's arms wept, like Pharaoh's daughter, her heart yearned towards it. Strange it may be to all, but so it was, for our story is true, when the beggar-woman saw the affection with which little Martha regarded the child, she proposed to sell it to her; and Martha, innocent of all guile, readily accepted the proposal.—All her little hoard of money was produced—the bargain was struck, and the two parted perfectly satisfied with the transaction. The child was beautiful as the Hebrew boy himself; and Martha sat down with it upon her knee, and lavished upon it all the endearing tenderness which her most affectionate nature suggested.

In a short time the child fell asleep; and as she sat gazing upon it, a half-defined fear stole into her mind, that perhaps she had done wrong in taking upon her this charge, unknown to her parents—that perhaps they would be displeased. She rose up in haste, and looked from door and window for the beggar-woman, but neither across the fields, nor down the valley, nor upon the distant highways, was she to be seen; and then, with that sentiment, which, from the time of the first error in Paradise, has become a part of our human nature, she was afraid, and thought to hide the child. She made it a comfortable, warm bed, with a blanket, in a large press, and kissing its sleeping eyes, and wishing that she had no fear, she left it to its repose, and began with great anxiety to look out for the return of her parents. To the old domestic she said not one word of what she had done.

After two hours, all which time the child slept soundly, Walter Pixley and his wife returned.—The good mother, who was accustomed to help in all the domestic business, employed herself in preparing the early afternoon meal, and Martha sat down with her parents to partake of it. While Pixley and his wife were in the midst of their review of the events of the morning—of Edward Burrough's extraordinary sermon, and of the concourse to whom it was addressed—they were startled by what seemed to them the cry of a child. Martha's heart beat quick, and her sweet face grew suddenly pale; but her parents were not observing her. The good man stopped in the middle of a sentence, and both he and his wife turned their heads towards the part of the house whence the sound proceeded, listened for a second or two, and then, all being again still, without remarking upon what they supposed was fancy, they went on again with their conversation. Again a cry louder and more determined was heard; and again they paused. "Surely," said the wife, "that *is* the voice of a young child."

The critical moment was now come—concealment was no longer possible; and Martha's affection mastering her fear, as the infant continued to cry, she darted from the table and exclaimed, "Yes, yes, it is my child!" and the next moment was heard audibly soothing her little charge, in the chamber above, with all the tenderness of the fondest mother.

Mrs. Pixley was soon at her daughter's side, full of the most inconceivable astonishment, and demanded from her whence the child had come, or how it had been consigned to her charge. Martha related the story with perfect honesty. The old domestic was then summoned, but she knew nothing of the affair. They were not long deliberations that followed. The family could not conscientiously burden themselves with another dependant, and one especially who had no natural claim upon them, in these perilous and anxious times, when they could not even insure security for themselves; and, besides this, how did they know but this very circumstance might be made, in some way or other, a cause of offence or of persecution? for the world looked with jealous and suspicious eyes upon the poor Quakers. Father Pixley, therefore, soon determined what he had to do in the affair,—to make the circumstances known at the next village; to inquire after the woman, who, no doubt, had been seen either before or after parting with the child; and also to state the whole affair to the nearest justice of the peace.

Within an hour, therefore, after the discovery of the child, the good man might be seen making known his strange news at the different places of resort in the village, and inquiring from all if such a person as the little girl had described the woman to be, had been seen by any; but to his chagrin and amazement, no one could give him information; such a person had evidently not been there. He next hastened to the justice's. It was now evening, and Walter Pixley was informed that his worship very rarely transacted any business after dinner, and that especially "he would not with a Quaker."—Walter, however, was not easily to be put by; he felt his business was important, and, by help of a gratuity to the servant, he gained admittance.

The justice was engaged over his wine, and he received Walter Pixley very gruffly, and in the end threatened him with a committal to jail for his pains. The poor Quaker had been in jail the whole of the preceding winter, and he remembered too wofully the horror of that dungeon to bring upon himself willingly a second incarceration. It was of no use seeking for help at the hands of the justice; therefore he urged his business no further, and returned quietly to his own house.

Against the will, therefore, of the elder Pixleys, the child was established with them; and it was not long before the father and mother as cordially adopted it, as their little daughter had donefrom the first beholding it. "For who knows," argued the good Walter Pixley, "but the child may be designed for some great work, and therefore removed thus singularly from the ways of evil, for our teaching and bringing up? Let us not gainsay or counteract the ways of Providence." This reasoning abundantly satisfied the pious minds of the good Friends, and the little stranger was regularly installed a member of the family by the kindred name of Mary.

At the time little Mary was first received under this hospitable roof, she might be about six months old—a child of uncommon beauty; nor as the months advanced into years, was the promise of her infancy disappointed. She was, in disposition and tone of mind, the very reverse of her grave and gentle elder sister, as Martha was now considered; she was bold and full of mirth; full of such unbroken buoyancy of heart, as made the sober mother Pixley half suspect that she must have come of some race of wild people. Certain it was, the subdued and grave spirit of the Pixleys never influenced her; and as Martha grew up into womanhood, and the quietness and sobriety of her younger years matured into fixed principle, she embraced with a firm mind the peculiar tenets in which she had been brought up, and would have stood to the death for the maintenance of them. Mary also advanced past the years of girlhood, but still remained the gay, glad, bold-spirited being that she had ever been. She revered all the members of the persecuted body to whom her friends belonged, and would have suffered fearlessly for their sakes: still, their principles and practices she never would adopt. Her beautiful person was adorned, as far as she had opportunity, in the prevailing fashion of the times; and she often grieved the sober minds of every member of the family, by carolling forth "profane songs," as Mrs. Pixley called them; while how she became acquainted with them remained forever a mystery. Often did the conscientious mind of father Pixley question with himself, whether it was quite right to maintain so light a maiden under his roof; but then the affectionate being, who had no friends save them in the world, had so entwined herself round the hearts of all the household, that the good man banished the idea as inhuman, and never ventured to give it utterance. Martha and her mother, meantime, strove to win over this bright young creature to their own views, and for a few moments she would settle her beautiful face to a solemn expression, try to subdue what her friends called "her airy imagination," and attend the preaching of some eminent Friend. But it would not do—the true character burst forth through all—Mary was again all wit and laughter, and, though her friends reproved, they loved her, and forgave all.

On the accession of James II., which is the period at which our little narrative is now arrived, persecution raged again with greater violence than ever; and the Pixleys, along with seventeen other Friends, both men and women, were dragged from their meeting-house by a brutal soldiery, under the command of the justice we have before mentioned, to the dungeon-like county jail, in the depth of winter. The hardships they endured were so dreadful that it is painful to relate them. They were kept many days without food, and allowed neither fire nor candle; their prison was damp and cold, and they were furnished with straw only for their beds; they were also forbidden to see their friends, who might have procured them some of the necessaries of life; nor were they allowed to represent, by letter, their case to any influential man of the county, who might have interested himself in their behalf. And to all this was added the brutality of a cruel jailer, who heaped upon them all the ignominy he could devise. In these dreadful circumstances lay the gentle Martha Pixley and her parents. Mary, not having accompanied them to their place of worship, did not share their fate.

Poor mother Pixley's health had long been declining, and this confinement reduced her so low that in a few days her life was despaired of; still, no medical aid could be procured, and the cloaks and coats of many of her suffering companions were given up to furnish covering for her miserable bed.

When the news came to Mary of the committal of her friends to jail, the distress of her mind expressed itself in a burst of uncontrollable indignation; and then, asking counsel of no one, she threw on her hat and cloak, and taking with her an old man who lived in the family as a laborer, she hurried to the justice's; and, as she did not appear with any mark of the despised Quaker, either in dress or manner, she soon obtained admittance. The magistrate was somewhat startled by the sudden apparition of so fair and young a maiden, and demanded her pleasure with unwonted courtesy, seating her in the chair beside him, and removing from his head the laced hat which he was wearing at her entrance. Mary made her demand for the liberation of her friends, the Quakers. The justice stared, as if doubting his senses, and rallied her on the strangeness of her request, charging upon the Quakers all those absurd and monstrous things which were alleged against them in those days. Mary, nothing abashed, denied every charge as false, and demanded, if not the liberation of her friends, at least the amelioration of their sufferings. As Mary pleaded, the justice grew angry, and at length the full violence of his temper broke forth, and the high-spirited girl, even more indignant than terrified, rushed from his presence.

What was next to be done? She ordered her old attendant to saddle the horses, and mounting one, and bidding him follow on the other, she set off to the county town. There she found great numbers of Friends surrounding the prison with baskets of provisions, bedding, warm clothing, and fuel, begging for admittance to their perishing brethren.—Little children, too, there were, weeping for their imprisoned parents, and offering their little all to the jailer, so that they might be permitted to share their captivity. Mary made her way through this melancholy crowd, peremptorily demanded access to the jailer, and was admitted; her garb, unlike that of the persecuted Quakers, obtaining for her this favor, as at the house of the justice. But here again her errand debarred her further success; the jailer would neither allow her to see her friends, nor would he convey a message to them. Mary could have wept in anger and vexation, and from intense sympathy with the grief she had witnessed outside the walls, but she did not; she retorted upon the jailer the severity of his manner, and bidding him look to the consequences, folded her cloak round her, and walked forth again into the circle of Friends who surrounded the gate. The jailer laughed as he drew the heavy bolts after her, and bade her do her worst.

Among the Friends collected in the street before the prison, Mary heard that Wm. Penn, who had just returned from his new settlement in America, was now in London. As soon as she heard this, she determined upon her plan of conduct. She knew his influence with the king, who, when Duke of York, had induced his brother, Charles II., to bestow on him that tract of land called Pennsylvania. To him, therefore, she determined to go, and pray him to represent to the king the deplorable sufferings of Friends in those parts.

When her old attendant heard of her meditated journey, he looked upon her as almost insane. To him the project was appalling. It would require many days to reach London, and who must take charge of the farm in his absence, seeing his worthy master was in prison? And then, too, though he had been willing to attend her as far as the next town, would it be right for a young maiden and an old man to endanger their lives by so long and so strange a journey?

Mary was uninfluenced by his reasoning, nor was she to be daunted by his fears. "If," she said, "he would not accompany her, she would go alone."—She bade him, therefore, to have her horse saddled by break of day, and retired to her own apartment, to prepare for the journey.

"Of a surety," said the old man to himself, "she is a wilful young thing."

In the morning, however, she found not only her horse prepared, but the old man and his also; for, wilful as she was, the old man loved her; and, though he could not conjecture the object of so strange a journey, "he would," he said, "go with her to the end of the world."

Mary had ventured to make use of the stores in Walter Pixley's coffers, for she considered the lives of her friends were at stake. She was, therefore, sufficiently supplied with money for their journey.

For this time the wild gaiety of Mary's spirits was gone; but, instead, was a strong energy and determination of character, which supported her above fatigue, or the apprehension of danger; and day after day, from town to town, in the depth of winter, did she and her attendant journey onward. They had no intercourse with travellers on the road, nor did they make known to any one the object of their journey.

When she arrived in London, she went straight to the house where Wm. Penn had his temporary residence, and, without introduction, apology, or circumlocution, laid before that great and good man the sad condition of her suffering friends. She then made him acquainted with her own private history, her obligations to the family of the worthy Walter Pixley, and the anxiety she now felt for the life of her who had been as a mother unto her.

William Penn heard her with evident emotion, and promised to do all that lay in his power for her benefactors; though he assured her she had overrated his influence with the king. He then desired Mary to take up her abode under his roof; and bidding an attendant call in his mistress, he gave her into the hands of his fair and gentle wife, briefly relating to her upon what errand the young maiden had come.

When Mary found her mission thus far so happily accomplished, and the door shut upon herself and her kind hostess, the overstrained energy of her spirit for a moment relaxed, and she wept like a feeble child. The fair wife of William Penn understood her feelings, soothed her with sympathy, and encouraged her to open her heart freely. Never had Mary seen goodness so graceful and attractive, as in the high-minded and gentle being before her. Her very soul blessed her as she spoke; she could not doubt but that all would be well; and with her heart comforted, assured, and filled with gratitude, it seemed as if a new life had been given to her.

The next day William Penn obtained an audience of the king, and so wrought upon him by the story of the heroic young creature under his roof, and the sufferings of her friends, that he desired she might be brought before him, and receive from his own hands the order of their enlargement.

Mary was accordingly arrayed in the best garments her scanty wardrobe permitted, by the elegant and gentle hands of Guilelma Penn, who surveyed her beautiful face and figure with admiration, and then kissed her and blessed her, as an affectionate mother might bless a beloved daughter.

Leaning upon the arm of her protector, she was conducted through a great chamber of lords and ladies, assembled for the occasion, into the presence of his majesty. Mary's heart beat violently, as her companion, drawing her arm from his, presented her to his sovereign, who graciously bade her speak her wishes without fear. Reassured by the kindness of the king's manner, almost forgetting the presence in which she stood, for what seemed to her the greater importance of her errand, she made her petition gracefully and well. She related all she had told William Penn of the great kindness of the Pixleys to her, and her otherwise desolate condition; she told of their domestic virtues, of their piety, and their firm loyalty; and lastly, of their wretched condition in the jail, with that of many others; and of the cruelty of the justice and the jailer; and then, almost unconsciously falling on her knees, she prayed so eloquently that they might be released, that the king turned aside to wipe away a tear, before he put forth his hand to raise her.

The petition was granted. The king himself put into her hands the order for their release; and then, praying God might bless her, and taking leave of William Penn very kindly, passed out of the presence-chamber. Many of the lords accompanied the king, but the rest, closing around the almost terrified maiden, overwhelmed her with compliments. William Penn, who saw her confusion, apologized for her with all the grace of a courtier, and extricating her from the admiring company, conveyed her, like a being walking in a dream, to his own house.

Not a moment was lost in sending down by express the order for the Friends' enlargement, and together with that, a dismissal from his office for the jailer. Rest was now absolutely necessary for Mary, after those extraordinary exertions; William Penn detained her, therefore, a few days under his roof, and then conveyed her himself in his own comfortable carriage to the house of her friends. It is impossible to describe the joy which her return afforded, and which was not a little increased by the presence of her illustrious companion.

The troubles and persecutions of the Pixleys here came to an end; for they went over to Pennsylvania with its distinguished founder, on his return, and became noted among the most worthy and influential of the settlers there. Mary, however, returned to England, being affluently married; and I myself, several years ago, was possessed of a piece of needlework said to have been of her doing.

ANTAR—THE NEGRO POET OF ARABIA.

The men were assembled under the shade of the largest olive tree: they had spread their Damascus mats on the ground, and were smoking and telling each other the tales of the Desert, or singing the verses of Antar.

Antar is the type of a wandering Arab—at the same time shepherd, warrior, and poet—who has written the desert, the whole desert, in his national poetry; *epical as Homer, plaintive as Job, amorous as Theocritus, philosophical as Solomon.* His verses, which tranquilize or inflame the imagination of the Arabs, as highly as the fumes of the tobacco in their Persian pipes, were uttered in guttural sounds amongst the animated group of my Sais; and when the poet had touched more tenderly or more rigorously the sensitive chord of these ferocious, but susceptible men, one heard a slight murmur of their lips; they joined their hands above their ears, and bending down their heads, they cried, "Alla! Alla! Alla!"

The poetry of Antar is the national poetry of the wandering Arab; the holy book of his imagination. How many times have I seen groups of Arabs squatted in the evening round the fire of my bivouac, stretching their necks, lending their ears, and directing their looks of fire towards one of their companions, who was reciting to them some passages of these admirable poems, while clouds of the smoke arising from their pipes formed a fantastic dreamy atmosphere above their heads, and while our horses, with eyes bent down towards him, seemed themselves to be attentive to the monotonous voice of the orator. I have seated myself not far from the circle, and listened also; not that I could comprehend the verses—but I understood the tone of voice, the play of the countenance, the shuddering of the auditors. I knew that it was poetry; and I figured to myself wonderful, dramatic, touching strains which I internally recited. It is thus, that, listening to passionate or melodious music, I fancy I can hear words, and that the poetry of language sung, reveals and pronounces to me the poetry of language written.—May I acknowledge all? I have never yet read any poetry that could at all come up to that I have listened to, in the unintelligible language of the Arabs. Imagination always went further than reality. I fancied I heard the patriarchal, primitive poetry of the desert. I saw the camel, the gazelle, the horse; I saw the oasis rearing its head of yellowish-green palm trees above the enormous downs of moving sand; the combats of the warriors, and the young Arab beauties captured and retaken in the fight, and recognizing their lovers in their liberators.

Antar, at once the hero and the poet of the wandering Arab, is little known amongst us; we are almost ignorant of his history, and even the precise date of his existence. Some learned men pretend that he lived in the sixth age of our era; local tradition carrying the date much farther back. According to the traditions, borrowed partly from his poem, *he was a negro slave*, who earned his liberty by his exploits and virtues, and obtained his mistress Abla, by his persevering love and heroism.

The poem of Antar is not, like that of Homer, written entirely in verse. It is in the poetic prose of the purest and most classic Arabic, interpersed with verses, much inferior to the prose. The poetic part is labored, and savors of affection; but nothing can be more simple, natural, and truly passionate, than the recitative.

I regret that some experienced orientalist does not undertake to translate all Antar for us. This would be more important than travels; for nothing paints the manners like a poem. Our own inspirations would be refreshed by the newness of coloring that Antar has elicited in his solitudes. It would, besides this, be as amusing as Ariosto, and as touching as Tasso. I cannot doubt but that the Italian poetry of Ariosto and Tasso is a twin sister to the Arabian poetry. The same course of ideas that has produced the Alhambra, Seville, Grenada, and some of our cathedrals, has also produced the "Jerusalem Delivered," and the charming dramas of the poet of Reggio.

Antar is more interesting than the Arabian Nights, because it is less marvellous. All the interest is drawn in the heart of man, and in the adventures, true or seemingly true, of the hero and his beloved. The English have a translation, almost entire, of this delicious poem. The French possess only some fragments, through which the reader is hardly able to perceive the admirable beauties of the original.—*Lamartine's Holy Land.*

FATHER MATHEW.

The following is extracted from an address of *Father Mathew*, taken from the Belfast Northern Whig.

He trusted that those who took the Pledge would faithfully keep it. The eyes of England, Scotland, America—yes, of the world—were turned to the teetotallers of Ireland; and, if any one would break his Pledge, he would bring disgrace on the whole body of Irish teetotallers, now amounting to five millions and nearly a half. (Cheers.) In other places those who took the Pledge considered themselves bound by a new tie not to violate the laws of the land, and avoid crime. He would tell them a circumstance which would show the view that was generally taken of the Pledge. Before doing so, he would beg particularly to observe, that the morality of the affair was totally false, for it went upon the supposition, that the person causing another to commit crime is not culpable; whereas, the person who induces another to commit a crime is more guilty than the person who is employed as his agent. He (Father Matthew) had, a considerable time since, visited the town of Balinasloe, where a large number had taken the Pledge. He lately spent two days in a town in that neighborhood. When riding on a car through the bog, at night, a little girl came ruaning after, calling out, "Oh, Father Mathew, give me the Pledge, or I'll be murdered."

He caused the car to be instantly stopped, and asked how it was, that after he had spent two days at a town where she lived so near, she had not taken the Pledge, and now come troubling him at so unseasonable an hour. She replied, "Oh, Father Mathew, give me the Pledge. I am the only one in all the bog of Balinasloe that has not taken the Pledge. No one, who has taken the Pledge, will steal a turf; and every one that wants to steal turf gets me to do it; and, if you do not give me the Pledge, I will be murdered for stealing turf." (Loud laughter.) Of course, he gave her the Pledge.—Father Mathew then proceeded to make some feeling remarks with regard to the neglect of parents, which resulted from drunkenness; and urged them to be kind and attentive to their parents, for they have been kind and attentive to them, at a time when they could not do any thing for themselves. The prospect of the improved state of society to be wrought for Ireland, by the operations of temperance, was cheering. In ancient times, Ireland had been frequently distracted and sorely wounded, by her internal feuds and fights. These disgraceful doings were now abandoned, and the old palaces and castles, where the contending chieftains had resided, and which had formed the rallying points for collecting the opposing forces, now lay shattered ruins clothed in ivy—sad monuments of the folly of by-gone ages.

The time is coming when that house (pointing to the poor house, which stands on the opposite hill) will become an empty monument of the drunkenness of former times. When our jails and prisons will become roofless, and their falling walls, tottering to ruins and overgrown with moss, will only be sad memorials of the vices and crimes of an age passed away to return no more. (Loud cheers.)—He would impress upon them, that, unless they were possessed of Christian charity or brotherly love, all their other gifts and accomplishments were as nothing. Charity was the distinguishing principle of the gospel which our Savior taught. They were bound to consider every man whom they beheld, as a brother. Christ had, by means of his Apostle, said unto them, "Little children, a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." The Redeemer had himself said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if you love one another. The test of discipleship was not to be found in the doctrines which the followers of Christ held, or in the belief which they entertained. The only test of discipleship which Christ gave was brotherly love: "Ye are my disciples, if ye love one another." The particular profession of religion which a man makes is to be left to his conscience and his God. It is our duty to judge of men by their moral conduct, and to act towards them according to that standard. Whilst, with the Apostle, we are to wish that all men were not only almost, but altogether, such as we are, yet we are to extend brotherly love to all, and to be kind and obliging to those of every religion—not forgetting to do good unto all—thus acting in obedience to the spirit of the holy gospel of Jesus Christ.

The lesson of Christian charity was beautifully illustrated in Dr. Franklin's parable against persecution, in imitation of scripture: "And it came to pass, after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.—And, behold, a man bent with age came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff. And Abraham arose, and met him, and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shalt arise early in the morning, and go on thy way. And the man said, nay; for I will abide under this tree. But Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent; and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And, when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, Wherefore dost thou not worship the Most High God, Creator of heaven and earth? And the man answered and said, I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name, for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in my house, and provideth me with all things. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows, into the wilderness. And God called unto Abraham, saying, Where is the stranger? And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face, into the wilderness. And God said, have I borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

Father Mathew then pronounced the words of the pledge, which were repeated by all the postulants, kneeling: "I promise, with Divine assistance, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, except medically or sacramentally, and to discountenance drunkenness in others." He then put his hands on the head of each, and pronounced the following benediction: "May God enable you to keep the promise you have now made. May God grant you every corporal and spiritual blessing, in Christ Jesus. Amen." Father Mathew's other addresses during the day were characterised by the strong good sense, manly eloquence, and charitable views, with which this abounded. During the course of the day, upwards of ten thousand received the Pledge. Mr. Pattison and Mr. Jacob Alexander remained with Father Mathew, almost the entire day; and in the evening he returned from the field, in company with them. On his bidding farewell to these gentlemen, Father Mathew presented each with a silver medal. Numbers being unable to take the Pledge on Monday, the great apostle of temperance resumed his labors on Tuesday, on which day four thousand were added to his Society. Although the crowds that were gathered together on the occasion were immense, no riot or disagreeable occurrence took place. All was peace and harmony. Great good, will, we are convinced, flow from the visit of this good man in the North. We most sincerely wish him God speed in his labor of love.

PRAYER.

"What a world is the world of prayer! What an invisible but all powerful tie is that of beings mutually known or unknown, praying together or separately for each other! It has seemed to me that prayer, that instinct so true of our powerless nature, was the only real force, or at least the greatest force of man! Man cannot conceive its effects; but what does he conceive? The want which drives man to breathe proves alone to him that air is necessary to his life. The instinct of prayer proves also to the soul the efficiency of prayer. Let us pray then."—*Lamartine's Holy Land.*

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Feeling an intense desire to look again on the countenances of my friends, and to dispense with the necessity of an amanuensis in my editorial labors, I have resolved to try the experiment.

In the mean time, the Mirror of Liberty will either be conducted by a competent brother, or suspended until my sight is restored. In the latter case, the pledges, donations and subscriptions, to the amount of $913 88, so generously contributed to the cause of reform, will be returned to my patrons with grateful acknowledgments.

Should it please God to restore my vision, it will be my joy to use every faculty in the cause of freedom, until the day of our redemption dawns.

DAVID RUGGLES,
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